

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation

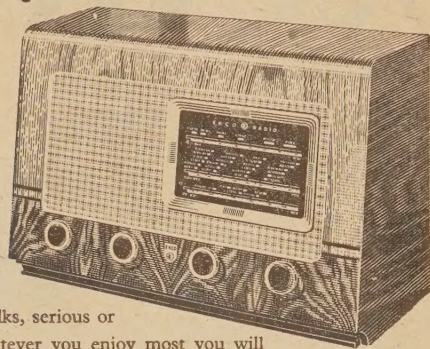


The Welland Canal which, when dredged, will form part of the projected St. Lawrence Seaway; the construction of the Seaway is now being undertaken by the Canadian Government (see 'Canada Strikes It Rich', by Blair Fraser, page 945)

In this number:

- Too Little Money and Too Many Goods? (W. Manning Dacey)
- The U.S. Presidential Election and Foreign Policy (Richard Rovere)
- The Legacy of Samuel Butler (E. M. Forster)
- The Artist in Society (Jules Supervielle)

Outstanding QUALITY & PERFORMANCE!



Variety, plays, talks, serious or light music—whatever you enjoy most you will enjoy more than ever on this magnificent all-wave superhet. Built to satisfy the critics, the Ekco A144 is a radio of outstanding quality in every respect. Ask your Ekco dealer or post the coupon for full details!

EKCO Radio £28 tax paid

Model A144 for A.C. mains. Walnut cabinet, 8" speaker, continuously variable tone control.

Please send me fully illustrated details of Model A144.

NAME

ADDRESS

(L.23)

POST TO E. K. COLE LTD • SOUTHEND-ON-SEA

**Fly away
on holiday ...**

- TO INNSBRUCK £35 return
- TO MILAN £45.5 return
- TO SALZBURG £35 return
- TO ROME £59.3 return
- TO AMSTERDAM £11 return

(Off-Peak service)

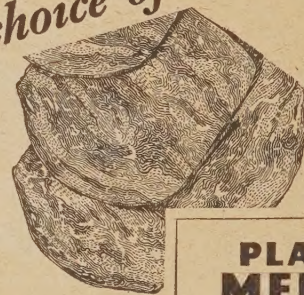
... and to a host of other places on the Continent. Enjoy comfort first and fast all the way, on board luxury 300 m.p.h. Convairliners. Information and reservations from all Travel Agents or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, 202/4 Sloane Street, sw.1
Tel: Sloane 3488, and at Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham and Dublin.

KLM
ROYAL DUTCH
AIRLINES



In the end... in the natural process of trial and error... you will find and fully appreciate all the good reasons why this tobacco is called...

The choice of a lifetime.



**PLAYER'S
MEDIUM**
NAVY CUT TOBACCO

[NCT 72]

The and the

Thousands of duralumin rivets can be hardened in a single batch by heating them to 500°C. and then quickly "quenching" or cooling them to room temperature. At this stage they are still pliant enough to form or head, but only for a few hours.

That's where refrigeration steps in. If, after "quenching", the rivets are cooled still further and kept at 0°F., the metal will remain in a workable state for several days. Refrigeration is the answer to this problem—and a lot of other people's problems too!

If you've a cooling problem, consult

FRIGIDAIRE

Regd. Trademark

the experts in refrigeration:

commercial, industrial, medical and household

FRIGIDAIRE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED

Stag Lane, Kingsbury, London, N.W.9. Telephone: COLindale 6541

The Listener

Vol. XLVII. No. 1215

Thursday June 12 1952

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

ECONOMICS:

- Too Little Money and Too Many Goods? (W. Manning Dacey) 943
Reconsidering Malthus—III (Alan Peacock) ... 953

THE WORLD TODAY:

- Canada Strikes it Rich (Blair Fraser) ... 945
U.S. Presidential Election and Foreign Policy (Richard Rovere) ... 946
The Southern Gates of the Sahara (Basil Davidson) ... 951
The Artist in Society (Jules Supervielle) ... 957

THE LISTENER:

- The Writer's Impact ... 948
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ... 948

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

- Battle with the Sand (Christopher Stone) ... 949
London Bus Driver (A. W. Selwyn) ... 949
Britain's Giant Radio Telescope (Professor A. C. B. Lovell) ... 950
Open to the Public (Rosalie Glynn Grylls) ... 950

POEMS:

- Patriotic Poem (John Wain) ... 952
Adam (Vernon Watkins) ... 956

LITERATURE:

- The Legacy of Samuel Butler (E. M. Forster) ... 955
Rudyard Kipling: A New Aspect (Bonamy Dobrée) ... 967
The Listener's Book Chronicle ... 969

MUSIC:

- Composers as Critics (Charles Stuart) ... 958
The Music of Franz Reizenstein (John S. Weissmann) ... 977

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK

... 960

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

- From Julian Duguid, Margaret Kornitzer, Dr. L. Martindale,
W. Kenneth Richmond, Sir Henry H. Bashford, F. W. Robinson,
Harry Green ... 962

GARDENING:

- Flower Gardening in June (P. J. Thrower) ... 963

MISCELLANEOUS:

- Queen Victoria's 'Island Home' (Sir Hugh Casson) ... 964

- ART: Eugène Delacroix (Hubert Wellington) ... 966

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

- Television (Reginald Pound) ... 974
Broadcast Drama (J. C. Trewin) ... 975
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ... 975
Broadcast Music (Dyneley Hussey) ... 975

- BROADCAST RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 979

- NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 979

- CROSSWORD NO. 1,154 ... 979

Too Little Money and Too Many Goods?

By W. MANNING DACEY

THE title given to this talk may have struck you as a little strange. I hope it did, because what you normally hear discussed—and with very good reason—is precisely the opposite: 'Too much money chasing too few goods'. That, of course, is the popular definition of inflation, and inflation has been the chief bugbear of this country for a good many years past; ever since 1939, in fact.

But in the last few months there has been a distinct change in the economic weather. For some time now, the textile and clothing industries have been doing very poor trade; they have had to cut their production, and this in turn has meant a fairly sharp rise in short-time working and actual unemployment. Nor is the set-back confined to textiles, for the recent figures of retail trade generally make a rather poor showing. In the aggregate, people do seem to be spending a little more than they were a year earlier, but that is almost entirely because food is costing us more. Sales of all other kinds of goods—furniture and radios, for example, as well as clothing—have fallen rather sharply. So it is not surprising to find some people arguing that the recession in textiles is just a straw in the wind. They want to know how much further all this will go, whether it will spread to other industries. They are asking whether the diagnosis of inflation as the root cause of our troubles is not already out of date. In short—and this brings me back to the title of this talk—they are asking whether the real danger now is not too little money and too many goods.

Clearly, the time has come when we need to review the Government's measures directed against inflation in the light of this slackening in trade. But we must do this with a balanced mind, so

let me first emphasise what very serious damage inflation does to our economy. I doubt whether many people realise even today that inflation—not only here but in other sterling countries like Australia—has been largely responsible for the appalling crisis in our overseas balance of payments that we are still passing through at this moment. I agree it is not always easy to see how inflated demand at home upsets our balance of payments with the rest of the world, but just one example will show how close the connection is. Even building houses can upset the balance—indeed, building of any kind can: for you cannot build without bricks, and you cannot make bricks without using coal that could either have been exported itself or used to make manufactured goods which themselves could be exported. So it is not surprising that a country suffering from inflation always finds it difficult to pay its way abroad. And that means that action designed to get the balance of payments straight again was bound to include measures to damp down home demand, especially for capital goods. Simply cutting imports would not do the trick, because that would be just dealing with symptoms; to get at the roots of the matter it was necessary to stop the inflation that was at the bottom of the trouble, not only this time but in the previous crises of 1947 and 1949. Hence the various changes in policy which taken together can be summed up as the return to some degree of monetary discipline: the adoption of such measures as a further tightening of bank credit and the raising of the bank rate to four per cent.

But all that took place some months ago. The questions we have to answer today are these: Ought we now to be worrying about the dangers of a general slump rather than of continued inflation?

If so, ought the Government to put its monetary policies into reverse, to seek to whip up spending rather than to restrain spending? My own answer to both those questions would be a pretty positive 'No'. So far as I can see, there is nothing on the horizon at present to suggest that a general slump due to insufficient buying power is on the way, either here or in the world at large. But please note that that is not at all the same thing as predicting that there will not *be* a slump. There are many other things besides a shortage of buying power that can bring on a slump, especially in a small island that has to get half its food and nearly all its raw materials from abroad. This country could be thrown into a depression at any time by factors that have nothing to do with the buying power of the British public and are quite beyond the control of any British Government. For example, a really long-drawn-out strike in the American steel industry would have quite serious consequences for us—and, indeed, for the world in general. Again, if our export industries were unable to hold their own against reviving German and Japanese competition, it is not just the export industries but the country as a whole that would suffer. But there is no reason to throw up the sponge about that; we are entitled to assume that so long as there is export trade to be had, Britain will get her share.

The real danger, therefore, would be a collapse of international trade as a whole. It is undeniable that the sellers' markets we have grown used to no longer exist for many industries producing consumer goods for export. The textile recession is by no means confined to this country. The same thing has been seen in a good many overseas countries, including the United States, and for basically the same reasons as here. Those reasons are, to my mind: over-buying on the part of the public and over-stocking on the part of the trade when the Korean war broke out; rocketing prices in the months that followed; and uncertainty whether prices have yet touched bottom. That means that Lancashire and Yorkshire have been running into difficulties in their export markets at the same time that home sales have been slack. Again, a number of countries, such as Australia, were importing so freely last year that they too have been unable to pay their way and have now decided to cut their coat according to their cloth. This has created difficulties for our exporters in other industries besides textiles.

The Defence Effort and the American Boom

All that represents, so far, only an unavoidable adjustment, an adjustment which may be painful for many of us, but does not mean that the bottom has suddenly fallen out of world trade. Nor is it possible to see how international trade can collapse so long as the present American boom goes on. And I cannot believe it is at all likely that the American boom itself will collapse so long as the American Government is pouring out untold billions of dollars in a colossal defence effort—as they are, of course, planning to do right up to the end of 1954. The United States never does buy enough abroad to please the rest of us; but so long as American rearmament continues, with the enormous industrial activity which that means, American factories will at any rate need vast quantities of raw materials from the outside world. Thus overseas countries should have no difficulty in paying for our manufactured goods—if we can offer the right things at the right price.

In spite of all the present difficulties, therefore, I cannot believe there is any great danger of international trade as a whole taking a nose-dive, at any rate for the next year or more. If we can rule out a general slump in export trade, this brings us back to the level of demand in the home market—and we should remember, incidentally, that for the textile industries in particular the home market is now two or three times as important as the whole of their export trade. In spite of recession in those and one or two other industries, business in general is remarkably good. Indeed, if you exclude the textile and clothing industries, with their special problems, the number in work is actually more than 100,000 higher than it was a year ago. That was true, at any rate, up to March, the latest month for which statistics are available. In other words, it is clear that in spite of the very real troubles of one or

two industries, other influences are at work to maintain trade in general at a remarkably high level. We all know what those influences are: we have a building boom and a rearmament boom going on side by side.

It is true that unemployment is higher than it was a year ago. Unfortunately, some temporary unemployment can hardly be avoided at a time when a good many people are being asked to change their jobs. We all know that even a short spell of unemployment can mean a great deal of hardship, and the last thing I should want to do is to give the impression that I am taking other people's troubles lightly. All the same, looking at the picture as a whole, there is no denying that, outside textiles and one or two other black spots, the level of unemployment is remarkably low. However, that is extremely cold comfort for the men and women who are actually out of a job at the moment. What interests them is what are the prospects of finding another. And in general these are surely encouraging. The rearmament programme is still expanding and this must help, directly or indirectly, to create jobs for a large proportion of those who may become redundant in other industries. Indeed, another way of looking at it is to say that the demands of the defence programme are bound to spell still more inflation unless there is some slack to take up elsewhere in the economy.

Effect of Rising Wages

Still, nobody would claim that there is a job waiting in an engineering works somewhere for every single operative released by the textile mills, and it is not always pleasant to have to change your job in any case. So what is the outlook for civilian industry as distinct from industries working on defence? That depends, basically, on the level of money incomes, for if people's money incomes are maintained those incomes will, by and large, be spent. The recession in textiles and elsewhere has undoubtedly caused some reduction in spending power. But that is only one side of the story. On the other side of the picture, we have to remember that wage rates in general are still going up. In the first quarter of the year, increases in wage rates added another £85,000,000 a year to the national wages bill. Moreover, very heavy wage demands are pending from many large trade unions, and there seems no doubt that further sizable increases will have to be granted. That will be especially the case if the reduction in the food subsidies sends up the cost of living index, even though Mr. Butler is handing back in one form or another the whole of the money the Government is planning to save on the food subsidies.

Add all that to the continued anxieties about our balance of payments and it seems clear to me that inflation, not deflation, is still the real danger. I can see no evidence that the monetary policies designed to curb inflation have been carried too far; and it would be regrettable, to my mind, if the slackening of trade in some few directions should lead to a reversal, or even a weakening, of those policies. There is every reason to hope that many of the trades now depressed will experience some recovery by the end of the year without the need for any special stimulus, as wages rise and there are fewer imported goods on which to spend our money. Naturally, every government should have its plans ready to combat a real falling off in home trade. But it is only too easy for any government to turn on the money tap—indefinitely easier than to stop an inflation. Inflation has brought us very near the edge of the precipice; we are still far too near the edge to take any risks.

—Home Service

Birthday Honours

We offer our congratulations to Mr. Paul Beard, principal violin, B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Mr. W. J. Breething, Head of News Output, and Mr. Ian Whyte, conductor, B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra, each of whom has received the O.B.E. in the Birthday Honours List; and to Miss G. M. Gaymer, Establishment Assistant, European Services, who is made an M.B.E.

Canada Strikes It Rich

By BLAIR FRASER

CANADA today is a curious inversion of the fable about the boy who cried 'Wolf'. For two generations now we Canadians have been crying 'Wealth'. We have been telling ourselves and each other and anyone else who would listen that Canada is a land of boundless riches and endless resources and infinite opportunity. It was in 1904 that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Prime Minister, told an Ottawa audience that 'the twentieth century belongs to Canada'. Canadian schoolbooks and politicians and after-dinner speakers have been quoting him with approval ever since.

The natural result has been that we do not believe it. It is part of our national ritual; we would no more think of challenging it than we would challenge the Sermon on the Mount. But, by the same token, we would no more think of acting on it than we would turn the other cheek or give all our goods to the poor. In the fable the boy cried 'Wolf' and the whole village heard him; and so, when the wolf finally came, everyone was unprepared because everyone had stopped believing it. In Canada there is a difference. We Canadians have been crying 'Wealth' for fifty years—and we had stopped believing it, but, luckily or unluckily, the rest of the world was not listening.

Now that Canada has really struck it rich, the rest of the world appears to be more alert to that fact than we ourselves. I suppose the outstanding example is the oil of the western plains. Five years ago Canada got one-tenth of her petroleum requirements from Canadian wells; almost all of that came from one depleted field in Turner Valley in the foothills of the Rockies. Today Canadian oil meets about half Canadian needs, and the percentage is rising every year. There are 3,000 producing wells on the Canadian prairies now, most of them in Alberta, but with exploration and some discoveries in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Those wells are producing 160,000 barrels of crude oil a day; there is a new pipeline running from Edmonton to the head of the Great Lakes to feed the oil refineries of Ontario. And of course the search for more is going on: it may well be just beginning. Last year they had about 200 drilling rigs at work in the Canadian west. In east Texas alone they have 2,000 operating all the time. East Texas is a much bigger oil-producing region than the proved areas of Alberta, but the potential oil-producing area in western Canada runs north to the Arctic Circle, south to the United States border, and east to Manitoba, almost to the edge of the pre-Cambrian shield. You could put the whole of Texas, Louisiana and Oklahoma into that area and still have room left over.

One of the areas now being explored intensively is the Williston Basin, a great trough that runs along and across the international border. Part of it underlies Montana and north and south Dakota, but it also includes most of southern Saskatchewan and part of Manitoba. There have been no big strikes there yet, but we are told the Williston Basin is rated by geologists among the great potential oilfields of the world.

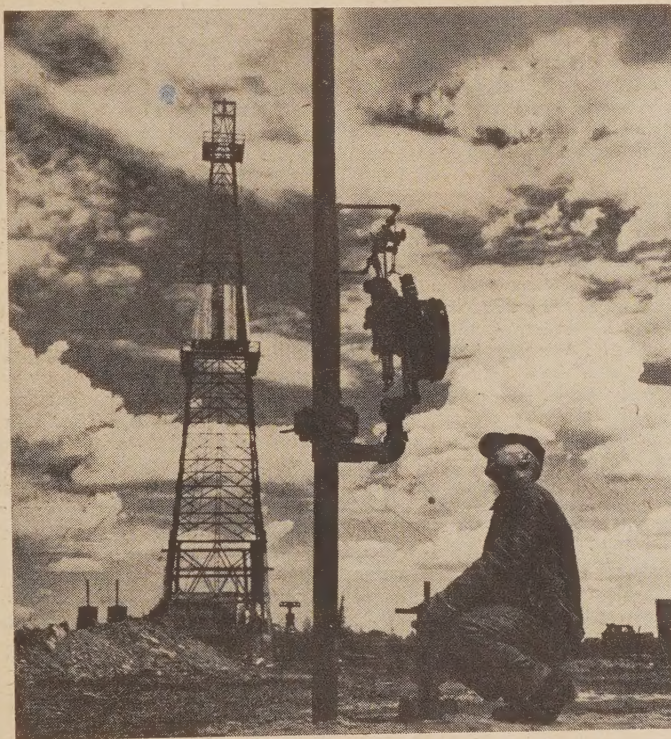
Then, away in the Canadian north, we have the Athabaska tar sands. They are known to contain more petroleum than the total proven reserves of the entire world. It is true they are of no present economic value because it costs more to extract and transport crude oil from the sands than crude oil will fetch in today's market. But each development of pipelines and refineries in north-western Canada brings the transport problem a little nearer solution, and each year a little more money and

effort are put into research to find a better and cheaper extraction process.

However, that is for the future. The actual market value of oil reserves already proven is pretty substantial—something like \$4,000,000,000-worth of oil, discovered as the result of \$500,000,000-worth of exploration and development. Almost the whole of that \$500,000,000 has been invested in the past five years—since February 1947, when Leduc Number One came in and proved that oil does lie beneath the Canadian plains. The amounts spent before that sound now like small change. But they sounded like very big money at the time. Imperial Oil spent \$23,000,000 on 123 dry holes before they struck oil at Leduc. That \$23,000,000 was Canadian money, all right; Imperial Oil is a Canadian company and the investment was taken out of its Canadian earnings. But the ownership of Imperial Oil lies mainly in the United States—seventy per cent. of its stock is held by Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Since 1947, the bulk of the \$500,000,000 that went into Canadian oil development has been American money. More than

half has been direct investment by United States firms—out of \$215,000,000 invested last year, \$132,000,000 came from below the border. It is a fair guess that another \$60,000,000 came from Canadian subsidiaries of American parent firms. Altogether the Canadian share of the Canadian oil boom, up to now, is certainly no more than twenty per cent., and probably not much above ten per cent. There are good reasons for this: Canadians had no experience in oil prospecting; Canadians did not have that kind of money to gamble on the very long odds that are standard in the oil business; Canadians could not possibly have developed their oilfields as quickly or as profitably alone as they have done with American help. But when all that is conceded, some Canadian oil men are still annoyed and aggrieved at the apathy of Canadian investors. I talked to one of them in Calgary last fall, a young geologist who runs a small but sound and competent Canadian oil company. He has been in the search for oil from the beginning, and as a matter of fact is now doing pretty well—but he remembers with bitterness a trip he made to the east just after the war, before the Leduc strike. His company had run out of working capital; he wanted to raise some money to keep on looking for the oil he knew was there. And he remembers calling on two of the richest men in Canada, professional investors whose job it was to appraise and assist the development of Canadian resources. One of them said, 'My boy, if I were



A Canadian company spent \$23,000,000 on dry holes before oil was struck at Leduc in Alberta. Here an engineer turns a valve on a separator line at an oil well at the Leduc fields

thirty years younger I'd be in this thing with both feet'. The other looked out of the window and said nothing at all. The young man went back to Alberta without having got any money.

British investors missed a bus in Alberta too, but I am told they had different reasons. There was one British firm, for example, which did take part in the original exploration in the days before Leduc. That firm dropped out late in 1946, and the story in Alberta was that the Treasury would not let them have any more dollars to sink into the dry holes they had been drilling out there. Five months later Leduc Number One came in. Among the leases that the British company had to let go were some around Redwater, where Imperial made their second major strike in the summer of 1948: they would be worth millions today. Even today, though, Alberta government people will tell you that the Canadian and the British investor both have a certain caution. They come out to Edmonton inquiring whether there is any way they can still get in 'on the ground floor'. Last year Alberta's Minister of Lands and Mines, the Hon. N. E. Tanner, spoke rather bluntly to one such delegation. 'You don't want to get in on the ground floor', he said. 'You want to get proven or semi-proven land now for the kind of price you would have paid before anyone knew there was oil in that neighbourhood. If you really want to be in on a ground floor we have hundreds of thousands of acres that are still cheap. They're not in Leduc or in Redwater, but the odds against your striking oil in them are very much shorter than the odds were in Leduc or in Redwater five years ago'.

I have been discussing oil because that is the best known and the most spectacular, but you find the same story in half-a-dozen other major fields: the great Labrador iron mine, for instance—said to be the largest deposit of high-grade ore anywhere, and certainly a tremendous Canadian asset that was completely unknown before the war. That development is going ahead; they are building a 358-mile railway from the mine to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and two-thirds of it will be completed this year. By 1955 they will be taking out 5,000,000 tons a year, and they can double that by 1956 if the demand warrants it. When the St. Lawrence Seaway is built the Labrador mine will be capable of delivering 20,000,000 tons of ore a year to the steel mills on the Great Lakes. That Labrador project began as a Canadian operation—and then they simply could not raise enough money for it. It will cost \$200,000,000—a tidy sum, but not really beyond the reach of Canada today. However, most of it is coming from the United States, from the steel people who will be using the ore.

Uranium is a slightly different story. It has not been quite so widely publicised, but there is a new development in northern Saskatchewan that is expected to exceed the present mine on Great Bear Lake. It will more than double Canadian production, and might make Canada the largest instead of the second largest source of atomic raw material in the free world. Theoretically it ought to put Canada right in the leadership of the atomic age. In a way, no doubt, it will do that. Canada has an atomic research plant at Chalk River, 100 miles up-river from Ottawa, and British and American scientists tell us that some first-rate work is being done there. But the material used in Chalk River comes from the United States. It is mined in Canada, yes, but then it has to

go to the United States to be refined. Maybe that is a misleading example, because the whole field of nuclear physics is still under a heavy blanket of secrecy, and perhaps it would be silly and wasteful duplication to build a refinery of our own. But to the layman it does look far too much like another square in an all too familiar pattern: another Canadian resource that we are leaving to others to develop.

When I mentioned resentment at this situation I did not mean to imply any resentment of the foreign capital or the foreign investors who are doing the job. Quite the contrary; they are held up to us not as targets but as examples. They are welcome—more than welcome, eagerly sought after. But there is a growing feeling in this country that we ought to be doing a bigger share, taking more of the risks and having a greater part in the job ourselves.

At the same time it is admitted that we have made a great deal of progress already. I have mentioned the rather small share Canadians have taken in the Canadian oil boom, but that figure is misleading as applied to the whole economy. In the very risky and entirely new field of oil, it is true, Canadians have not done as much as they now wish they had done. But in the aggregate of all new investment in Canada Canadians have done about seven times as much as everybody else put together. In the past two years the grand total of foreign investment in Canada was \$1,600,000,000. That includes everything—security sales, direct borrowing by Canadian cities and provinces, everything. In the same two years the total of new investment in actual capital assets was \$8,500,000,000. To realise what a great stride forward that represents, you have to know that the early development of Canada, up to the outbreak of the first world war, was almost entirely British. Then there was a period between the wars when it was more than half American. Now, taken in its entirety, it is about eighty-five per cent. Canadian, and the Canadian fraction is still growing.

Canada is now engaged in the task of doubling an aluminium production capacity which already accounts for twenty-eight per cent. of the free world's supply. The biggest part of the job, of course, is the construction of an enormous new hydro-electric power plant in northern British Columbia; but in addition to that special project Canada is putting some \$1,200,000,000 into other hydro-electric plants in the three-year period that began last year. And that does not include, either, another tremendous job, the St. Lawrence Waterway development which Canada has at last determined to carry out by herself if need be. It is a task that will take several years and cost about \$900,000,000, but it will do great things for Canada. It will harness 1,000,000 horsepower of electric energy, that is now running to waste in the international section of the St. Lawrence River (that is the Canadian share alone; there will be another 1,000,000 horsepower for the State of New York). And it will open a canal deep enough to take ordinary ocean freighters right into the Great Lakes—open the way for direct movement of Canadian wheat to the sea, and of Canadian iron ore from the sea to the heart of the continent.

Things are going on in this country: most people who come here and look at them find them quite exciting. Maybe, if Canadians had not been talking about them so long before they existed, we should be a little more excited ourselves.—*Home Service*

U.S. Presidential Election and Foreign Policy

By RICHARD ROVERE

IN a few weeks, several thousand Americans, most of them in gay and festive spirits, will descend on the brutally hot midland city of Chicago, to participate in choosing the Republican and Democratic candidates for President and Vice-President. In recent times, it has been customary for our major parties to hold their quadrennial conventions in the same city, and this year the Republicans will for-gather on July 7 and spend most of the ensuing week—or it may be a little more than a week—at the business of president-picking, supplemented in off hours by the renewal and celebration of friendships. The hotel and convention-hall people will have about a week to sweep up before the arrival of the Democrats on July 21. All things considered, it is probably for the best that the Democrats follow the Republicans rather than the other way around, for it is a fact without prejudice to policy that the Democrats are a somewhat more boisterous and untidy

lot than the Republicans. As befits representatives of the prosperous farming communities and the urban middle-classes, the Republicans tend to be more conservative in manner as in outlook.

Historically, the importance of these particular conventions lies in the fact that out of them is certain to come a realignment in our political life. By this I do not mean to suggest that we are on the verge of a period of turbulence or of deep-going social change of the kind that was initiated in 1933. Quite the contrary. I think we are coming—indeed, we have already come—to the end of a period of turbulence and that our problem in the coming period will be in learning to live in a relatively stable society: a society which is not structurally perfect by any means but is structurally adequate to most of our needs, a society which no major group wishes to alter in any fundamental way. One can assume the existence of this state of affairs,

I think, from the fact that there is today relatively little political heat generated on what we call domestic issues. An examination of the main currents of American thought over the past few years reveals a kind of coming together of the extremes. To put it in terms of the faulty but familiar symbols, the left has been moving toward the right and the right has been moving toward the left. Perhaps neither the left nor the right would concede this in so many words, for people with axes to grind like to grind them very sharp. But the truth is that our liberals have been becoming more conservative, and our conservatives have been becoming more liberal. There are still, to be sure, real differences between them, but it sometimes takes an accomplished hair-splitter to discover ones that are more than verbal.

Economic Planning of the Nineteen-thirties

The reasons for this are not far to seek. When the American economy went limp in the early nineteen-thirties, our liberals, who were much influenced by Marxism, thought that the solution lay in economic planning. Many of them joined the New Deal and tried to lead the federal government along to a point where it would supervise the better part of industrial production and distribution. They did not espouse the nationalisation of industry, but that was the direction in which they were heading. Before they reached this destination, however, economic recovery was pretty much of a fact. Though influenced by Marxism, they were even more deeply influenced by the pragmatism that is almost an indigenous growth in the American mind, and when they saw that—for this one country, at any rate, and in this particular stage of its development—social regulation worked as well as social ownership, they simply discarded the notion of social ownership. Nowadays, one almost never hears talk of 'economic planning' in this country. It is not, as is sometimes argued, because it is regarded as a heresy that one hears little of it; it is because most of those who believed in it can scarcely deny the evidence before their eyes, which argues powerfully that, even if we enter a period of recession, we shall have no need of the kind of planning almost all of us were talking about fifteen or twenty years ago.

So much for the left. In giving up planning, in agreeing that the present system has more resilience than it had supposed, it has edged considerably to the right. At the same time, most conservatives—not all of them, but a considerable majority—have moved to the left. They did not like what the New Deal liberals did to the economy in the 'thirties, but it would be very hard today to find a conservative who would tell you that he thought the New Deal or any considerable part of it ought to be scrapped. The Republicans will not draw up their statement of principles for the coming election until they meet next month, but no prophecy could be safer now than the prophecy that they will not call for the scrapping of any of the institutions or any of the major principles of the New Deal. To some degree, this acceptance of what is already done is motivated by strategy; to a larger degree, as I see it, it is motivated by the knowledge that the country needed these institutions and could not well get along without them. Things like unemployment insurance, collective bargaining, and government supervision of securities exchanges, are so well established that they are in a real sense part of the conservative heritage. Newspapers which twenty years ago fought tooth and nail against legislation to protect collective bargaining now very often point to that legislation as evidence of the superiority of democratic life, as one of the things, for example, which our foreign policy exists to defend.

In short, Americans are not at the moment very sharply divided over questions regarding the organisation of our society. This is not to say that we are agreed on all internal questions. There are a number on which there are serious disagreements—questions involving civil liberty, for instance, and whether the states or the federal government should have the right to exploit certain natural resources. But these are not matters that turn directly on the old conflict between left and right. The defence of civil liberty is as much the conservatives' responsibility as the liberals', and indeed many conservatives are truer friends of the rights of minorities today than many liberals and radicals are.

I have dwelt on this point because I believe it is necessary to an understanding of some of our differences on the really outstanding problem of the day, that of foreign policy. It is my view that to a large degree the violent and explosive quality of some of our recent disputes over foreign policy is to be explained by the disappearance of violent disputes over domestic policy. Political passion is a kind of independent, almost automotive, force in American life. It seems to generate itself and to exist regardless of whether or not it has a good reason for existence. Denied one outlet, it finds another. And the reason,

as I see it, why certain groups among us have conducted what should be calm and dispassionate debates over the requirements of the national interest at this stage of our history with such unconscionable ill-temper is that foreign policy is really the only thing we have to be ill-tempered about. We have carried—most reprehensibly—the very language of our old arguments over internal questions into our present arguments over world questions.

It used to be, in this country, that the partisan spirits in our midst would quite casually impute the basest of motives to their opponents on, let us say, the question of slavery, the question of currency, and, in more recent times, the questions that were under discussion in the early days of the New Deal; but that wherever diplomacy and the national interest were involved everyone assumed that the next man's motives were as decent as his own. Unspeakable and unprintable epithets would be hurled at the man who disagreed with you on such a matter as the coinage of free silver, but it was unthinkable that you would accuse your opponent of betraying his government to another, of being a traitor or a spy or a foreign agent. It was simply taken for granted that a man, no matter how obtuse his behaviour might seem, no matter how grossly he might appear to be misconstruing the national interest, was as loyal a citizen as you were and as much interested in the welfare of the Republic.

This, as I am sure you are well aware, is no longer the case in this country. We have gone in these last few years through a period in which accusations of bad faith and treason have been casually hurled about, in which normally judicious and fair-minded men have thought nothing whatever of suggesting that what they regard as mistakes of diplomacy are deliberate, planned mistakes, made not out of simple-mindedness but out of a conscious wish to sell out their own country. To some extent, of course, this sort of thing has been encouraged by the fact that we live in an age when treason is not uncommon. There have, in point of fact, been traitors among us. But the discovery of an occasional traitor or spy who has wormed his way into a government bureau hardly justifies the presumption that his superiors are traitors or spies. No one would think of calling a bank president a thief merely because a clerk was successful in an embezzlement. Yet the vocabulary of treason has been alarmingly common in this country since the close of the last war.

I believe, as I say, that this is largely due to the frustrations arising from the forced elimination of domestic issues. Whether or not this is so, it has done us—and, I am afraid, not us alone but our friends in the world as well—considerable damage. For one thing, it has made it extraordinarily difficult for us to debate questions of foreign policy in the serious and adult manner in which they deserve to be debated. Those who have insisted that the question is one of treason rather than good sense have gone a long way towards eliminating the trained intelligence from our deliberations. If a man has only to prove that he is not a traitor, he is, in a way, let off rather easily, for he has no need to prove the relevance and wisdom of his views. If he has only to prove that his opponent is ignobly motivated, he has no need to come to grips with his opponent's logic. And that is exactly what has been happening here. Epithet has taken the place of reason.

'An Atmosphere Uncongenial to Reason'

I would not wish to be on-record as suggesting that it has entirely superseded reason, for I think that by and large our diplomats are men of unusual good sense and have tried to grapple with their problems in a responsible and thoughtful manner. Here I am referring to the atmosphere, the intellectual climate, in which the public debate over foreign policy has been conducted. It has been, to put it mildly, an atmosphere uncongenial to reason. It has made it difficult not only to debate foreign policy on the plane of reason but to conduct it on any plane at all. On the question of our China policy, as the clearest case in point, the effect has been almost to eliminate freedom of choice and action. If the State Department moved one way in its China policy, it would be lending colour to the contention that it favours the Communist Government there. If it stepped the other way, it would appear to be appeasing its critics. If common sense suggested, as it apparently has not up to this point, that we would do well to give even more aid to the nationalists on Formosa, the Government would find it extraordinarily difficult to take such an action because it would naturally appear to be doing so in response to a clamour. If common sense suggested, as it apparently has not up to this point, that the Government recognises the Peiping regime, it would be restrained by the fear of the new ferocity of language such a move would engender.

(continued on page 963)

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the Rumanian communist purge

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent

The Writer's Impact

THE political moralisings of an artist have undeniably something comic about them'. So says Thomas Mann, the German novelist, in a talk which was published in THE LISTENER last week. Dr. Mann's talk was a modest one and he reached a modest conclusion on the subject of the place of the artist in society. This week we print a talk on the same question by M. Jules Supervielle, the French novelist. He takes a much more exalted line: 'The artist', he says, 'introduces the marvellous into man's ordinary life; it is he who represents what André Gide called "*La part de Dieu*". Valéry says 'The first word is sent from Heaven—"*Le premier vers est un don du ciel*"—the others have to be written'. One thing at least is certain: an author (for he is in fact the 'artist' about whom the two novelists spoke) is writing for society. Unless his books are read, he fails. Sometimes he appeals only to a chosen *élite* who pass on his words in another form to the masses; but generally he must make a direct impact or he dies in poverty. In the second place, man is a political animal and it is hard indeed for any novelist, save those who confine themselves to nostalgia or pseudo-history, not to discuss questions of religion, morals or politics. And the more persuasively and movingly they are discussed the more likely is the novelist, willy-nilly, to have upon his readers an influence that is not purely aesthetic. He may try to live in an ivory tower; but his readers are groundlings.

The fact is—and this makes the subject so unsuitable for generalisation—that some writers deliberately set out to improve society and others, obsessed with questions of style and presentation, only do so indirectly or incidentally. Edmund Burke, Voltaire, Rousseau, Dickens (in some of his novels), Bernard Shaw, one of the finest of our prose writers, all sought reform. And their impact not only shattered their contemporaries, but has had an enduring influence on posterity. Others, like Walter Pater and James Joyce, or Proust in France, have had most effect upon the work of other writers, but those other writers may in turn have used a revolution in style to preach morality or politics. In the last fifty years we have seen both deliberate and undeliberate reformist writers at work. The Edwardian writers—H. G. Wells is an example—were mostly concerned with improving their fellow citizens. In the nineteen-twenties, when the Edwardian giants were making a bow, in passing, to a younger generation, the effect of good writing was indirect. Yet one cannot doubt that the novels of Aldous Huxley had a profound impact, whether they were intended to do so or not, on the behaviour and outlook of a post-war generation. The authors of the thirties were full of 'messages', which have now mostly been abandoned or repudiated. Imbued with a sense of guilt they were eager to fight unemployment and fascism; but at the same time the pacifism of a slightly older generation, as exemplified by the author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, shaped a rather different frame of mind.

It must accord with the individual's approach to life or perhaps with the temper of the times whether he prefers the artist who seeks to reform the world he lives in or the writer who is immersed in seeking technical perfection in his craft. A trouble to society, one would suggest, is the artist who pretends to live outside or above the world and yet is ready to pronounce on every conceivable subject without doing that subject the honour of studying it. How often one sees writers, moved by generous impulses, rushing into print with appeals for this or against that, with slight knowledge of the question under discussion. Such men are dangerous. Indeed writers as well as readers are political animals. And they should show the same sense of responsibility in social questions as they apply to their own craftsmanship.

EVENTS IN THE COMMUNIST WORLD last week provided commentators with much interesting material—from the purge of party leaders in Rumania, and the Czechoslovak Prime Minister's admission of the serious economic situation in that country, to the failure of French workers to respond to the communist-led trade union appeal for widespread strikes.

The communist *L'Humanité* was the only paper in France to claim that the strike had been a success. Other papers' views can be seen from the following headlines which were quoted: *Franc-Tireur*: 'The communist strike has failed completely. The French working class says this is no affair of ours'. *France-Soir*: 'The strike—a setback without precedent for the communists'. *Le Populaire*: 'The Stalinist wire-pullers behind the C.G.T. have suffered an unparalleled defeat'. Moscow radio, like *L'Humanité*, tried to make out that the strike had been a success, and in a broadcast quoting *Pravda's* Paris correspondent on the raid on the Communist Party's headquarters, stated that the outcome of the present battle to save 'democratic freedoms' would be decided by the 'degree of organisation and mass mobilisation of the nation-wide resistance to reaction's base and shameful manoeuvre'. From the United States, *The New York Times* was quoted for an expression of warm approval of the bold and timely action of the French Government:

If the challenge of the Government exposes the waning power of Moscow over French labour it will dispel the dread of internal revolution that has hung like a shadow over France. This would amount to an important victory on one of the crucial battlefields of the cold war.

The British action in regard to the Berlin radio station was likewise applauded in the American press. *The New York Times* commented that, in both France and Germany, the Kremlin's campaign of protest and intimidation—aimed at wrecking the European Defence Community—is not bringing the desired results. On the contrary, 'its efforts so far have served chiefly to unite the west in speeding the defence projects now in hand'. The British action in Berlin against what was called 'the democratic radio' gave rise to indignant protests in east German broadcasts, which described it as 'a piece of political gangsterism'—against 'the voice of truth and justice'.

On the very day when Bucharest radio announced the Communist Party's indictment of Anna Pauker for her 'deviation', in common with that of the ex-Minister of Finance, Luca, and ex-Minister of the Interior, Georgescu (both dismissed the previous week), Moscow radio broadcast a leading article in *Pravda* on the free and happy life of the Peoples' Democracies, under the title 'The Increased Wellbeing of Free Peoples'. The broadcast concluded:

Their inviolable friendship with the U.S.S.R. is a guarantee of the happiness and progress of the liberated peoples, a *sine qua non* of their national independence and of success in building a new life.

The primary architect of 'friendship with the U.S.S.R.' was the Rumanian Foreign Minister, Anna Pauker, widely known as one of the main pillars in the hierarchy of international communism. A few days after it was announced that she had been expelled from the Secretariat and Politburo of the party, Bucharest radio broadcast a voluminous article in *Scanteia*, which laid the responsibility for the admitted breakdown in the food distribution system and the widespread discontent in the country on the shoulders of the 'deviating' party leaders. Among the accusations against Anna Pauker was that, in the field of collectivisation, she had deviated to the left and right at the same time: on the one hand, by 'neglecting the creating of new collective farms'; on the other hand, by 'forcing the peasants into collective farms'. Another accusation was that:

Comrade Anna Pauker cultivated unprincipled relationships within the party. Comrades Vasile Luca, Georgescu and Anna Pauker held unwelcome meetings with a view to arriving at understandings in advance on political problems, a thing which they kept hidden from the party. That their services to the Communist cause will stand them in no stead was made evident further on in this broadcast which, quoting the works of Stalin, said:

They are deluded if they think that, taking note of their past merits, the Soviet power will not touch them. These swollen-headed personages think they are irreplaceable. . . . They must be removed without the slightest hesitation from the party leadership, without considering their past merits.

Did You Hear That?

BATTLE WITH THE SAND

CHRISTOPHER STONE recently visited Les Landes in Gascony in the south-west corner of France and described his trip in a talk in the Home Service: 'The ancient dunes of sand', he said, 'have in their re-formed cultivation beautified the flatness of the primitive plain and when you come nearer the sea the various stretches of lakes and the occasional gaps through them to the marvellous beaches are in fine weather an impressive pleasure. The basis and the bulk of memories and imagination throughout Les Landes are given by the pines, principally the maritime pines, hundreds and thousands of them with the tell-tale gashes in their trunks, from which the oozing resin collects in their earthenware pots and is taken away to Bordeaux or Dax or other marketable centres, perhaps every three weeks, but there are also many good oaks in that area and plenty of stripped cork trees, acacias in full white beauty and a great show of wistarias.

'From being one of the most deplorable and poorest parts of France, Les Landes is now one of the wealthiest *départements*—as simply prosperous as the great Napoleon foresaw; it may have been he, or some shrewd old man of Bordeaux, who said that resin is gold in casks. Resin is the only harvest that man can grow in sand. That was the slogan, and everyone knew at least that Les Landes for many thousands of years had been just a huge waste covered with sand blown in from the Bay of Biscay, endless shifting sand—and endless marshes and quicksands with a smattering of wretched pine-woods and oaks. In a century-old book is the author's tale of his discovery of this country, parched in summer and submerged in winter, where the population from widely scattered huts lived habitually four or five feet higher than the rest of mankind—men, women, and children alike—on stilts.

'Some way of preventing the pure sand brought by the west wind from the Bay of Biscay from covering the country inland with its shifting drifts and hilly dunes had to be found. Brémontier was one who planned and struggled and fought patiently to stop the sand by planting the maritime pine everywhere. He blocked the sea from sweeping remorselessly inland, and put up the barrier of pines and wattles and marram grass, probably, all along the coast. The barrier is still being pushed back, but very slowly. You may see where the sand dune has swallowed up a clump of trees so that only their top branches still emerge, and westwards you may see other trees which have been buried for a long time coming up again from the sand as it has moved past them and left them—bare corpses.

'The people lived on stilts and collected resin from the pines which had, so to speak, ladders in their stockings. Little jars like our flower-pots, but of course with no hole in the bottom, caught the stuff at the bottom of the slice, six inches deep and five inches across the top. When they were full, the women-folk used to empty them into pails and carry them away slung on poles over their shoulders, and would empty the pails into casks for transport by mules or the miserable little ponies that they caught in the forest. What a life! But the resin meant a lot, and still does, making turpentine, transparent wrapping paper, tar, terebinth and so on, and its market price for a potful like that is about a shilling, or sixty francs. A hundred years ago the resin man or shepherd on stilts went out with a gourd of the roughest food and drink over his shoulder, supplied by his employer, and reckoned himself rich if he was allowed sixty francs a year in pay.

'Old in the history or legend of France and the British Isles and the conflicts in that area are the black straw hats or poke bonnets that the women still wear in many corners of Les Landes. The sun beats down on them and there is good reason for their shape; but a local historian told me that the ancient French name for them has nothing to do with it. They were given an appropriate name by the Landais in the days of the Duke of Wellington and the Peninsular War, when our Horse Guards suggested the name of the harbour at Hossegor and when the gallantry of our troops suggested a name for the black straw poke-bonnets, which still survives; they call them *keesnottes*.

'Les Landes was a very big area, rather like a huge billiard table with



Some of the hundreds of pines grown to stop the drifting sands of Les Landes, and (left) collecting resin in one of the jars 'like flower-pots'

French National Tourist Office



slate under the cloth, but not smooth enough to play on, a desert of sand where you saw mirage effects as in the Sahara, mountains that moved, villages buried in sand, marshes that produced pestilence and lakes where more terrible storms raged than in the open sea. That was the position a hundred years ago. But Brémontier and his successor and the inspiration of the Office of Civil Engineers—*Ponts et Chaussées*—halted the sand-dunes and achieved the still more elaborate task, the draining and *assainissement* of the inland districts, cleansing, purifying and sweetening the soil. The gradual effect was stupendous. Massive progress in health and in organisation took the rest of the nineteenth century and the first half of this. The victory is there for anyone to see'.

LONDON BUS DRIVER

Not long ago A. W. SELWYN was driving a London bus for a living. Describing his experiences in the Home Service he said: 'Teaching mathematics in a remote corner of England is quite a good preparation for bus driving, though it is not perhaps ideal. But I could not resist the urge to do something of the sort, for a time at least. Besides, buses had been to me what trains are to most boys. So when the opportunity came I signed on as a driver and began training at Chiswick. It was rewarding, but very chastening too. I had thought I could drive quite well. I spent the first week forgetting this. I soon learned to move the gear selector lever immediately after operating the gear change pedal; to pull up with the platform opposite the head of the queue, and not to be perfunctory with hand-signals.

'Then there was the skid-patch, a wide and well-watered

expanse in full view of the critics on the touchline. Somehow I, and I think most of us, found the skid-patch disappointing. Feeling much as we did the first time we played for the school, we climbed into the driving seat when it came to our turn, knowing that this time the bus would surely turn over. And five minutes later we stepped down, hardly knowing that anything had happened, and in fact pretty confident that we could handle wet roads with the best of them. Alas, for our pride! A week or two later, we slid sickeningly to a stop in an uncontrollable front-wheel skid on what were then



A bus being tested on the 'wide and well-watered' skid-patch at the London Transport Training Centre at Chiswick

wood blocks in Notting Hill Gate, scattering the queue with quite surprising speed and completeness.

About driving, Chiswick was full of cautionary tales. There was one about the man who jumped out of his cab without using the step, landed on a small pebble, broke his ankle, and could not earn a penny for an unbelievable time afterwards. There was the man who did not realise that his fluid fly-wheel was losing oil, so that eventually the bus caught fire; indeed, it was astonishing the number of ways a bus could catch fire. There was the man who kept too close to the lorry in front, "and yer look proper silly with the fron' yer bus aht". And there were many other horrid ways of coming to grief.

'I shall not easily forget my first day as a qualified driver, when I had pitched my conductor on the floor within thirty seconds, missed several stops within thirty minutes, been full all day, and come in three-quarters of an hour late with record takings to pay in. I ached all over, particularly in my feet and right hand, which was sore from squeezing the hand-brake so often, and that in spite of a three-hour break in the duty, which gave me time for an hour or so of blessed sleep. Yet I was proud of my new job and pleased to discover that what had seemed so impossibly difficult at Chiswick now became less than ordinarily hard. The small-car driver was learning how to handle 120 horsepower with some semblance of confidence. In short, it was fun'.

BRITAIN'S GIANT RADIO TELESCOPE

The University of Manchester has been offered over £300,000 to build a radio telescope at Jodrell Bank in Cheshire. PROFESSOR A. C. B. LOVELL, Professor of Radio Astronomy at Manchester, discussed it in 'Science Survey'. 'It has been discovered', he said, 'that somehow, somewhere, the universe is generating radio waves. Radio waves, like light waves, form part of the electro-magnetic spectrum, but the radio waves are over a million times longer than the light waves. Whereas the light we see with our eyes has a wavelength of only about a millionth of a centimetre, the wavelength on which you receive television transmissions is a few metres. At these comparatively long wavelengths the earth's atmosphere fortunately has another transparency in it, and we have suddenly realised that radio waves are being generated somewhere in space and can be picked up on the earth.

In order to study these radio emissions you need an aerial, or radio telescope as we call it, a receiving set very similar to a television receiver, and some device for measuring the signals, such as a pen recorder, which gives a trace on a paper chart representing the strength of the incoming signals. The aerial system, or radio telescope, is by far the biggest and most expensive item of this equipment. There are two desirable features it should possess. First, it should be steerable,

so that it can be pointed to pick up signals from any part of the sky. Secondly, it should be as large as possible—for the same reason that astronomers have wanted larger and larger optical telescopes—that is to give us more resolution and enable us to receive signals from greater and greater distances. It will be obvious that these two requirements conflict with one another.

In 1948, Ryle in Cambridge, and Bolton in Sydney, made the remarkable discovery that at least some of the radio waves from space were coming from localised sources which we now call radio stars. Quite a number of these radio stars have since been discovered, but the strange thing is that they do not coincide with any particularly outstanding visual objects in the sky. And so the belief has steadily grown that these radio stars must be dark objects which for some reason emit intense radio waves. And it is likely there must be very large numbers of them in the Milky Way that have not yet been discovered. We also know that radio stars are present in the nebulae that lie outside the Milky Way system. Some of the radio waves picked up recently by the large fixed radio telescope at Jodrell Bank must have been travelling through space for many millions of years.

Now we are to build this new radio telescope—a huge steel frame—a bowl 250 feet in diameter covered with wire mesh and weighing over 300 tons. It is going to be mounted so that it can point to any part of the sky. The horizontal axis is carried on two steel towers 180 feet high. In order to tilt the bowl about this axis the power drive has to be taken through gear wheels which are nearly thirty feet in diameter. These we have already got from dismantled battleships. Each of the steel towers is carried on four large bogies which run on a circular railway track 300 feet in diameter. The total weight above ground will be about 1,300 tons. In order to carry this huge load concrete piles will have to be sunk sixty feet into the ground. The movement of the telescope will be controlled by electric motors which can develop 400 horse power. Even so it will take twenty minutes to turn the instrument round, and that at full speed'.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

In a recent talk in the Home Service ROSALIE GLYNN GRYLLS (LADY MANDER) of Wightwick Manor, which is now preserved by the National Trust as an example of William Morris' style of interior decoration, spoke about the experience of living in a house that is open to the public. 'I find that visitors to a private house are most considerate', she said, 'They treat the place as a home, not a public institution, so that you immediately get a hostess-guest relationship.

I am often asked what it is like from the point of view of the hostess, and if it is not an awful nuisance tidying up beforehand and then taking people round, explaining everything. To begin with we do not tidy up all that much, not so that it is unnatural; of course, we see the flowers are fresh on a Thursday or Saturday; we put away any toys left about in the billiard room, but in the summer if the fishing rod is leaning up against the oak chest in the hall, it just stays there, so do the gardening things. We do not want the place to be a museum; nor, I think, do visitors.

There are bad moments, when you do not want to get up and open the door, and moments of impatience and, when you have been all round several times on a warm afternoon, moments of exhaustion, but once you have opened the door, something of interest always seems to happen.

There are all sorts of visitors—parties of schoolchildren or of old people, or societies and works on their outings, but I am really thinking more of individuals. So near an industrial centre like Wolverhampton the most instructive are undoubtedly the craftsmen; a skilled cabinet maker will appreciate exactly how a good piece of old furniture used to be made by hand, not mass-produced and glued together.

But apart from craftsmen and professional experts on pictures or antiques, there is something interesting psychologically about any visitor. You learn something new about the place almost every time you take someone round it. Even those people who "haven't a clue" about the historic or artistic side will probably ask questions that put a fresh point of view, or they may offer some very useful practical advice: some household hint on cleaning, or how to make the flowers last longer. There are certain familiar types: the critical sort who come to enjoy a little carping; or those who only want to see what they are not shown like the inside of the cupboards or down back passages; or visitors from overseas who seem to have a special desire to try all the chairs by sitting on them, especially the blue velvet chair—one of those which came from Westminster Abbey after the last Coronation'.

The Southern Gates of the Sahara

By BASIL DAVIDSON

WHEN I was still a schoolboy the magic of Joseph Conrad bewitched me, although I dare say I was easy money. Mandarins and merchant adventurers, pearl fishers and palm-enclosed horizons—I longed to see them all. The east has eluded me: it is too big, too far away. But Africa has more than made up for this. And West Africa, as I have found it, has everything that is needed to engage the eye and excite the mind.

This time I went by air from Paris. We flew into an African dawn the colour of heavy gold that was tinted red, the colours of blood and sand. Below us there floated spectral clouds, and below again the few and silent lights of a France still asleep. In a little while the people down below turned over in-bed, stretched and yawned, and the towns came awake in lanterned patterns on the distant earth. And then, above a dazzling Mediterranean, I opened a chateau-bottled claret that was thought-



The port of Dakar, Senegal, French West Africa



Djenne, 'in medieval times a centre of Moslem learning': a view showing the great mosque

fully provided by the air company; and the last of this I drank over the north-western corner of Morocco, beyond the rumpled Atlas Mountains, with the land a fresh and startling green that was stretched skin-tight upon the skeleton of Africa, a skeleton which protruded more and more, as we journeyed south, in ribs and vertebrae of barren rock.

Unlike the camel caravans of old that crawled across the Sahara in long and thirsty months, or the ships that stand out to sea and take you in a week or so down to Cape Town, the airliners fly along the sandy coast and put you down in half a day at Casablanca or at Dakar. These sands of Africa are the colour of milky cocoa; they come right down to the edge of the sea, and break off like a biscuit with jagged, crumbling edges into a narrow line of surf. Their size is beyond imagining, for they proceed eastward across the whole of Africa until they are broken by the Nile. Even the edge of this great void is daunting in its loneliness. From the map these regions look altogether empty. But the map deludes. It is certainly a long way to Timbuktu; yet Timbuktu and the towns that lie along the latitude of the tenth or twelfth parallels—Bamako, Ségou, Mopti, Gao—have a long and honourable past and a present that is full of life and people, and throbs

with new ideas and new ambitions. Along this southern fringe of the Sahara there lies the broad habitable belt of grass and scrub land which history has called the Western Sudan—not to be confused with the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan which lies far to the east on the other side of Africa—and these towns that look so lost and lonely on the map are in truth the southern terminals of the old trans-Saharan caravans, the capitals of great empires and long dynasties, and today the cradles of an African renaissance.

Many cultures meet here. All these peoples of the Western Sudan—Peulh or Fulani, Bambara, Hausa—are linked together not by language (for they have no common language but French, or English in our territories) but by the customs of stock-breeding and sheep-herding, craftsmanship in gold and ivory and leather, trade and barter in great markets—and, more than this, by their Moslem faith. Through the Sahara they have traded for centuries with Europe; and the cere-



The old mosque at Timbuktu

monial swords of the great emirs, handed down through generations, are as likely as not to be the workmanship of Solingen or Toledo. Their shirts and gowns they used to get across the desert on camel-back from France or Flanders; nowadays they get them by sea and rail from Lancashire or Tokyo.

Many influences make their lives today. The greatest of these is still the Moorish influence. They were conquered by the Moors 1,000 years ago, or nearly so, and the Moors have left their mark in folk-lore and religion. On the first evening that I was in Bamako, where the River Niger is already a majestic flood though still 2,000 miles from the sea, I listened to singing of the same kind that you may hear in southern Spain. An open-air cinema was showing a Spanish film, and the heroine was singing a flamenco. Deep-throated, rhythmical, this flamenco singing goes back to the Moorish occupation of Spain; and here in Bamako the crowds had gathered, flooding the cinema and lining the dark road outside it, to listen to music they could recognise for something that was very near their own.

All-pervasive Moorish Influence

This Moorish influence is all-pervasive, though Mohammedanism here has forms of its own. These strong and well-built people, for the most part very black in pigmentation, do not force their women to wear the veil. Their dogma is Maliki, an unsophisticated and rather strait-laced form of Mohammedanism which will have no truck with the laxity and innovation of Cairo and the North African coast. The mullahs—the priests, that is—of Bamako were engaged while I was there in a sharp and testy battle on this very point. Some of them had got their training in Cairo, at the great Moslem university of Egypt, and had returned across the desert with new ideas of tolerance. These new ideas they had tried to teach in the Koranic school of Bamako, only to be denounced as heretical by the staunch conservatives who had stayed at home. Having the majority, these conservatives had managed to close down the school, for they preferred that the Koran should not be taught at all rather than be taught by men who made concessions to the modern world. But the new ideas, even so, gradually gain the upper hand, for the modern world presses hard upon the Western Sudan as it does upon the whole of West Africa.

You cannot travel for long in these lands without being aware of much history behind them. At Djenne, in medieval times a centre of Moslem learning though lost now in the swamps of the Middle Niger, there is a great mosque, the greatest to survive, which the French rebuilt fifty years ago: in one form or another, it is known to have stood there for six hundred years. For Djenne had been the capital of the great Kankan Musa, Emperor of Mali, whose pilgrimage to Mecca in 1324 became a legend for the golden luxury in which it was conducted. The Emperor went on horseback, the story goes, and before him pressed a crowd of 500 slaves, carrying each of them a staff of gold weighing six pounds, and behind him in his baggage train there followed camels carrying eighty loads of gold each weighing 300 pounds. Kankan Musa died in 1352. He left behind him, as one historian says, 'an empire which in the history of purely African states was as remarkable for its size as for its wealth, and which provided a striking example of the capacity of the Negro for political organisation'. Kankan Musa was not the only emperor of the Western Sudan. In Gao, where the Niger takes its great bend southward towards Nigeria and the sea, you may still admire the imposing tomb of Mohammed Askia, the Emperor of Songhai whose lands were even wider, and whose system of government marked him for an administrator of the first order.

These glories have faded. The successors of these great medieval dynasties fell on evil times. The peace and order they had given were destroyed. In 1352 the Moorish traveller, Ibn Batuta, a man of learning who has left what is one of the fullest records of the Western Sudan, could write that 'a traveller may proceed close amongst (these peoples) without the least fear of brigands, or robbers, or ravages'. Early observers, Moslem and Christian, testified over and over again to the love of peaceful pursuits which animated these Sudanese peoples. By the time the French appeared towards the end of the nineteenth century these great societies had lapsed into chaos; and the French, by destroying the last of their potential rulers, completed the ruin.

When Mungo Park made his tremendous journey 150 years ago from the Atlantic coast to the interior, he could survive only by his courage and incredible resistance. Yet Mungo Park, even then, found that much remained of an orderly past. 'The view of this extensive city', he wrote of Ségou on the upper Niger, 'the numerous canoes

upon the river; the crowded population, and the cultivated state of the surrounding country, formed altogether a prospect of civilisation and magnificence, which I little expected to find in the bosom of Africa'. Ségou, Bamako, and other towns through which Park struggled have not perhaps changed much since then, at least in their appearance: the banks of the Niger are busy with boatmen and passengers who cross the Niger in long-beaked canoes that are poled, in low water, like any Isis punt. Handsome women smack and squeeze and rinse their laundry, ankle-deep in the grey-green water with their hands in gourds and basins, as they must have done for generations. There is little to show the years between except one or two abandoned river-steamers that lie upon the river bank, black with the scorching of the sun or the crusted smoke from their long thin funnels. And at Bamako there is an old stern-wheeler of the classical tradition, cracked and rusting, which resurrects a memory of the past as it lies upon the mud.

The centres of this culture today are Dakar and Bamako. Dakar is cosmopolitan, a great town and seaport of fine mansions and wide boulevards which do credit to the colonial building of the French: yet even here, on the horn of Cape Verde, you sense the immanence of this notable past and the striving for its recapture. They are a people of great outward calm and dignity, immensely given to the arts and crafts of trade. They have been trading since times beyond memory: and they are trading today. The markets of Dakar are full of goods from the far interior. In the famous craftsman's quarter of Bamako I found men carving all manner of things out of elephant tusks, or beating gold into rings and bangles, sewing and stamping leather, weaving carpets. To carry on this trade they have needed all the tricks of money-lending. And since the Koran forbids usury in any form, they have had to find out ways of getting round the Koran, and these ways are now traditional. A mullah of high authority, sitting cross-legged before his legal texts, assured me that usury and its customs did not and could not exist. But the interpreter, a young man who lived, unlike his master, in the same world as you and I, could scarcely translate this for trying not to laugh.

That is an old story. But nowadays these mullahs must contend with many new things, and these new things surround them and begin to overwhelm them. In Dakar I spent a morning at the central office of trade unions, an old house with many rooms opening off a central courtyard; and in each of these rooms there was the office of an African trade union. I met the elected officials of railwaymen, dockers, building operatives, half-a-dozen others, and their conversation was the stuff of trade union conversation everywhere. In Bamako it was much the same on a smaller scale. Trade union officials were housed in an old house of red mud baked hard by the sun, the sort of house that the inhabitants of Bamako have used since the great days of Kankan Musa; but their conversation was the conversation of the modern world. And along with the growth of trade unions—a sure sign that industrialism has broken through the manners of the past—there are political parties in the Western Sudan today, co-operatives, all the trappings of a modern life. Here at the southern gates of the Sahara the form of life is still in many ways the old form: but the content is often startlingly new. Out of the chaos of fallen empires, a new social order begins to arise.—*Home Service*

Patriotic Poem

This mildewed island,
Rained on and beaten flat by bombs and water,
Seems ready now to crack like any other
Proud organism drugged with praise and torture.

History rolls
His heavy tide of insolence and wonder
Scarring her surface with as many holes
As her moth-eaten sky where fighters thunder.

Yet from the cauldron
Where her hard bones are formed by time and anguish
Rises the living breath of all her children;
And her deep heart and theirs, who can distinguish?

JOHN WAIN

—From 'New Soundings' (Third Programme)

Reconsidering Malthus—III

Malthus in the Twentieth Century

By ALAN PEACOCK

IT was once said of Keynes that he was the 'Kerensky of the Keynesian Revolution'; I suppose that you could also say that Malthus was the Kerensky of the Malthusian Revolution. By that I mean that he was not so extreme as some of his followers. As a result it is often forgotten that his theory of population is something quite distinct from his social philosophy. Mr. Beales and Professor Glass, in their talks,* were clearly more interested in his social philosophy and its influence than in his economic theory. I feel it would be doing less than justice to Malthus to treat him purely as a propagandist and sort of amateur anthropologist, as some modern critics have done. He was an outstanding economist and it is his economic analysis which I should like to discuss here; and it can be considered quite separately from the political and social environment in which it was first propounded.

Perpetual 'Oscillation'

The first proposition of the theory is that the population tends to be of a size that just permits subsistence standards of living for the great majority. If, for any reason, the standard of living rises above the subsistence level, then better conditions will promote earlier marriages and a fall in the death rate, with the result that the growth in population cancels out any increase in the means of subsistence. If this contrary movement goes so far that the general standard of living falls below the subsistence minimum, then marriages are discouraged, the death rate goes up so that eventually the pressure of human numbers falls and the subsistence minimum is again established. This 'sort of oscillation', as Malthus called it, tends to perpetuate itself and, as he put it, 'the situation of the labourer being then again tolerably comfortable, the restraints to population are to some degree loosened; and, after a short period, the same retrograde and progressive movements, with respect to happiness, are repeated'.

This state of affairs could only be possible in an economy of a certain kind—one in which you find what is popularly known as 'diminishing returns'; one, that is to say, where with the application of successive units of labour to a fixed quantity of land and capital, a stage is reached when the output per head of the population begins to diminish. Only in a situation like this would an increase in population and therefore in the supply of labour result in a fall in output per head; conversely, a decrease in population would lead to a rise in output per head.

It is really a very simple construction, this Malthusian theory, yet it does provide us with a striking conception of the rhythm of economic activity, so much so that one writer labelled it, along with the Marxian theory of economic development, as the 'magnificent' economic dynamics. Its very simplicity, as is well known, impressed Charles Darwin, and it is to him that we owe the legend that the Malthusian theory is no more than the counterpart in the study of human development to the theory of natural selection in the study of the animal world.

The first objection to the theory is based on what we know about the development of western economies. Where the standard of living has gone up substantially the rate of population increase has gone down remarkably. In Great Britain, the birth rate has fallen from 34.1 per 1,000 of population in 1851 to 15.1 per 1,000 in 1938. Although there has been a pronounced fall in mortality rates, the annual rate of increase in population has fallen from 12.3 to 3.5 per 1,000. It is only in fairly recent times that these facts have become widely known, but it can be claimed that the economist was aware of the prospect of a stationary or even declining population as early as 1895, when Professor Edwin Cannan made one of the first population forecasts, based on the projection of contemporary fertility and mortality rates into the future. Why was there this decline in fertility? One explanation can be given in Malthusian terms. What people come to regard as the least they can expect from life, the subsistence minimum, is determined by social habit and custom as much as by physiological factors; and the desire to have children may be weakened if people come to expect a higher standard of living and that higher standard is possible. Children are

expensive, and if there are other ways of spending money they compete with those other ways. But the possibility of family limitation as distinct from the desire to have fewer children was only extended with the spread of knowledge of birth control. This is a cause which Malthus could not have very well anticipated.

The protagonist of the Malthusian theory might interject at this stage: 'I grant you that the decline in fertility has been caused by a change in social habit and custom and is therefore independent of economic conditions and that some of the symmetry of the theory is lost. I grant you that the standard of living in countries such as Great Britain and other European countries rose considerably in the nineteenth century. However, although the birth rate fell, the absolute level of population did rise after all and could it not be argued that, if it had risen less rapidly, the average standard of living might have risen to an even higher level if the rate of population increase had been smaller?'

We can answer this with the second and more important objection to the Malthusian theory. The law of diminishing returns assumes that labour is applied to a fixed quantity of land and capital. The adjustment of population to a rise in the standard of living must take time and we have no reason to suppose that cultivable land and capital will in fact remain fixed throughout this period. Throughout the nineteenth century this was certainly not the case. North America was opened up, for example. This part of the objection seems obvious enough; but not so obvious is the part which labour itself may play in modifying the operation of the law. First of all, labour itself may become more efficient for at least two reasons. Alfred Marshall, who, in the main, accepted the Malthusian theory, was careful to point out that a rise in the standard of living of the wage-earner might also benefit his children through better nourishment and education, so that the next generation of wage-earners would have improved efficiency. Secondly, an expanding population will have a young labour force which is likely to be extremely adaptable to quickly changing economic conditions.

But there is one argument which has virtually silenced theoretical discussion of the Malthusian theory, at least in western economic literature, and this is the effect of consumption on the level of production. In Malthus' own day it had been argued that an expanding population pushed up the demand for goods and services and so facilitated specialisation and division of labour. In this way an improvement was brought about in the efficiency of production; and this argument, found again in the work of Edwin Cannan, is echoed in the recent United Nations report on *Measures for the Economic Development of Underdeveloped Countries*.

Malthus' Contemporaries and Lord Keynes

But, apart from the effect of an expanding population on the efficiency of particular industries, there is its effect on the general level of output and employment. Thus the argument of Malthus' contemporaries gains further support from the famous Keynesian analysis of the causes of unemployment. The utilisation of the resources of any given community depends not only on the potential productive power but also on the effective demand for the goods and services produced. So far as the demand for investment goods is concerned, it has been argued by Keynes and some of his American followers that demand for many forms of investment, particularly housing and public utilities, depends on an expanding population. Conversely, a declining and ageing population may bring about a fall in demand, particularly for investment goods, and so result in under-employment of resources. Keynes was very careful in this formulation to assume that there would be no great change in the distribution of wealth which might alter effective demand, and he was also careful not to give the impression that his theory of unemployment was designed to exorcise the Malthusian Devil of over-population. The surprising thing about Keynes' view is that he claimed the authority of Malthus in support of it. Although Malthus did point out that economic crises may be caused by lack of effective demand, he did not relate his conclusion to his theory of population. But let me quote Keynes on the subject:

... We have now learned that we have another devil at our elbow at least as fierce as the Malthusian—namely the devil of unemployment escaping through the breakdown of effective demand. Perhaps we could call this devil too a Malthusian devil, since it was Malthus himself who first told us about him. For just as the young Malthus was disturbed by the facts of population as he saw them round him and sought to rationalise the problem, so the older Malthus was no less disturbed by the facts of unemployment and sought ... to rationalise that problem too. Now when Malthusian devil P is chained up, Malthusian devil U is liable to break loose. When devil P of Population is chained up, we are free of one menace; but we are more exposed to the other devil U of Unemployed Resources than we were before.

Are we to conclude from these objections that, as Schumpeter has put it, 'the only valuable things about Malthus' law of population are its qualifications'? I do not think so. The quarrel with the theory is not with the logic, but with the assumptions about the relation between the standard of living and population on the one hand and the ubiquity of diminishing returns on the other. Like any other scientific theory, the theory of population is a conditional hypothesis. Before we can state that it is an unrealistic hypothesis, we have to assume that the current and future development of less mature economies will follow a similar pattern to that of western economies and will experience similar changes in their social and political institutions; because, as I have said, the objections to the Malthusian theory are largely based on what has happened in the west since Malthus' day. But the Neo-Malthusians argue that the assumptions are realistic. They are prepared to argue that population is a function of the standard of living and that the law of diminishing returns operates; and they hold that their argument is valid for economies which support some sixty per cent. of the human race. The neo-Malthusian case goes something like this.

Reduction in Mortality Rates in the East

In the first place, although the fertility rates in under-developed economies such as India, Malaya, and China are not very much higher than the fertility rates in industrial economies, the average age of marriage is very much lower. But more important still for population growth in these economies is the very considerable reduction in mortality rates in recent years over a very short period of time, in Ceylon, for instance, from 21 to 12 per 1,000 between 1938 and 1950. The percentage rate of growth in population in the Middle and Far East, in Latin America and Africa is well over one per cent. per annum. This means in the Indian continent an annual addition to the population which exceeds the present total population of Scotland! So that the Neo-Malthusians would hold that a rise in the standard of living will bring about an increase in population, not necessarily through increasing birth rates but certainly through declining mortality rates.

In the second place, as regards the operation of the law of diminishing returns, it seems a reasonable presumption to Neo-Malthusians that, in the short run at least, the natural resources in under-developed areas, particularly cultivable land, are severely limited. This argument is less convincing, if only for the negative reason that there is little agreement among experts about the distribution of natural resources in these areas. Moreover, the argument must also take account of the possibilities of more intensive cultivation. It is true that this would certainly require more capital investment in agricultural machinery and fertilisers than these areas may be able to afford: here such schemes as the Colombo Plan may help. It seems, therefore, that the strength of the Neo-Malthusian case must depend on the argument that a higher standard of living will bring about an increase in population.

An interesting parallel can be drawn between the Malthusian conception of social policy in the nineteenth century, already described in the earlier talks, and the Neo-Malthusian view on the Colombo Plan. The practical implication of the nineteenth-century view was that redistribution of wealth from richer to poorer classes would defeat its own ends, because the rise in living standards would stimulate population growth and this would lower standards again. Similarly, it might be argued that the redistribution of wealth from richer to poorer countries, while it may aid technological progress, will also push the population up by cutting the death rate. This is a rather disturbing conclusion.

Personally, I am inclined to accept the Neo-Malthusian argument as a short-run theory designed to explain a crucial phase of economic development, but not as a general theory of long-run economic development. I would go further and say that the Asian countries are just entering this crucial phase: the gap between the birth rate and the mortality rate is likely to be considerable for some time to come and this will be a formidable barrier to improvements in living conditions,

even given large-scale foreign investment. But there are, even in the short run, mitigating circumstances. You will recall that Marshall maintained that redistribution of wealth may improve labour efficiency so that we might claim that a reduction in mortality rates would not only affect the quantity but also the quality of population if redistribution took the form of better health and education facilities.

Again, some types of capital equipment which play an important part in determining the yield of crops—irrigation schemes and roads, for instance—can be built with much labour and relatively little capital. Labour is the one plentiful factor of production in under-developed economies, and Malthusians sometimes forget that population is made up of producers as well as consumers. There is no reason to assume that, because an Indian peasant has a mouth to feed, his hands will always be tied behind his back. These suggestions presuppose, of course, that under-developed areas have the technical skill to carry out projects of this sort. The most difficult problem is the deficiency in technical knowledge—in south-east Asia there is a great lack of administrators, scientists, and technicians—and the pressing need is for the rapid development of educational facilities. Without these they cannot make the best use of foreign aid. Assuming that, in the long run, either through foreign aid or the development of home resources under-developed areas can increase real output at a more rapid rate—and this to me appears reasonable enough—what of the population factor?

It is, of course, difficult to say what may happen in the more distant future. If the standard of living goes up it seems reasonable to suppose that the desire to have children may be weakened. But what matters so far as population growth in these areas is concerned is the sexual instinct rather than the procreative instinct. Here we must assume that the spread of knowledge of birth control, already apparent in India, will be a major factor in the years to come, and that the practice of birth control will not be opposed by the sanction of moral and religious codes. But this is an assumption, and it does not behave an economist, like myself, to decide whether it is a reasonable one or not. However, I feel that the economist has as much right as anyone to pose certain questions to those who are more intrepid than he may be in forecasting economic progress over the next centuries. I am thinking here of the prognosis in a recent book by Sir Charles Darwin. In his book, *The Next Million Years*, Sir Charles maintains that the present voluntary limitation of population is 'an unstable process', and that nature will revenge herself on man by strengthening the procreative instinct. That this is possible I shall not dispute, but that it is inevitable, as Sir Charles maintains, is a different question, and he offers no evidence sufficient to convince me that it is so. Sir Charles, in my opinion, is on much stronger ground when he argues that opposition to birth control may be incorporated into religious creeds. For instance, anti-Malthusianism is part of the Bolshevik dogma, but whether it will remain as such, or whether it will become accepted in other communist countries such as China—who can say?

Shorn of its political propaganda, then, the Malthusian theory of population does at least give prominence to the factors which influence economic development, even in the present century. It is true that it may not be possible to accept that there is an automatic link between the level of subsistence and the birth rate and that what is left of the theory is virtually a truism. Nevertheless, in the next few decades, in view of the imminent decline in mortality rates in under-developed areas, 'Malthusian Devil P of Population' may be a constant danger. But Malthus' *Essay on Population* was a warning rather than a prophecy. We can accept the Malthusian warning even if we do not accept the Malthusian remedy.—*Third Programme*

'If every Communist were overnight converted to a belief in all our best ideas about democracy, the threat to world peace would remain, and would sooner or later be intensified, so long as we live in a world in which one-third of the peoples live in comfort and two-thirds in poverty'. The quotation comes from a pamphlet (prepared by a committee under the chairmanship of the Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson, M.P.) entitled *War on Want*. The pamphlet describes the facts of the world's poverty, and the national and international action that has so far been taken to meet it, including the Colombo Plan. Basing much of their argument on the report of a group of experts appointed by the Secretary-General of the United Nations, the authors conclude with an urgent and carefully reasoned plea for the establishment of an international development authority charged with the task, and provided with the means, of promoting the economic and social advancement of the under-developed areas of the world. The pamphlet is obtainable from *The Association for World Peace* (14, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2) and costs 1s. —

The Legacy of Samuel Butler

By E. M. FORSTER

SAMUEL BUTLER influenced me a great deal, so it is perhaps appropriate that I should be discussing his legacy. He, Jane Austen, and Marcel Proust are the three authors who have helped me most over my writing, and he did more than either of the other two to help me to look at life the way I do. What is that way? It is the undogmatic way. I will come back to it. But I wanted at the start to raise my hat personally to this remarkable man and to thank him. I may not be so polite to him later on, nor would he wish me to be; he resented deference.

I can imagine him listening in this evening, from his somewhat cynical limbo. He was himself particularly interested in the question of legacy, of influence, and it is always appearing in his speculations. He believed that a man's real influence is exerted only after his death, that it is then that he really begins to live, that the great man—like Shakespeare—then enters into his immortality, and that we small men have a temporary immortality in the hearts of our friends and in the recollections of us that survive. We shall be forgotten—and the great men will be forgotten some day, for great things are compounded of small, and the time comes when they too must perish. But there is for all of us this extension: we are wrong in assuming that our earthly activities end in the grave. We may be remembered inaccurately: witness the sad example of Mr. Higgs, who escaped from Erewhon in a balloon and revisited that country to discover that he had founded a new religion and was being worshipped as a sun-god. Things became very awkward for Mr. Higgs. But, accurately or inaccurately, we shall be remembered.

The idea of earthly immortality is not original. It occurs in the ancients, it is familiar to the Renaissance. What is interesting is the passion with which Butler grasped it, and the cleverness with which he twisted it into a philosophy. The most famous of his sonnets handles it:

Not on sad Stygian shore, nor in clear sheen
Of far Elysian plain shall we meet those
Among the dead whose pupils we have been,
Nor those great shades whom we have held as foes;
No meadow of Asphodel our feet shall tread,
Nor shall we look each other in the face
To love or hate each other, being dead,
Hoping some praise, or fearing some disgrace.
We shall not argue saying 'Twas thus' or 'Thus',
Our arguments' whole drift we shall forget;
Who's right, who's wrong, 'twill be all one to us;
We shall not even know that we have met.
Yet meet we shall, and part, and meet again,
Where dead men meet, on lips of living men.

To be mentioned by living men—for instance by ourselves—that is what Samuel Butler desired. He is sometimes rather conceited and self-conscious about it, sometimes rather pathetic, and I doubt whether the great creative artists have had this desire very strongly. They have been too anxious to get on with their jobs. Butler was always wondering what effect he would have on the future. Would the critics—whom he despised—praise him for the wrong reasons? He would hate that. Would the decent people whom he admired—the healthy, handsome, well-dressed people—caricature him and make fun of him? He should not

mind that at all. What he dreaded was oblivion, and being no fool, he knew that he would be forgotten some day: as shall we all.

For the first quarter of this century his reputation was high, and confirmed his hopes of posthumous life. *The Way of All Flesh* was published by his executor soon after his death. It made a great sensation and reawakened interest in *Erewhon*. To me, and to many others, he quickly became a commanding figure, and with varying ability we interpreted him and preached his gospel. Somewhere about 1910 I read a paper on him to a local literary society in a London suburb. The secretary of the society tried to stop me. She said her committee did not seem to have heard of Butler, and would I read about Bernard Shaw instead. I refused. I said it would be Butler or nothing, and got my way. Her committee did hear of him, and so it went on. A novel I wrote contained a reference to him, and gained me a welcome letter from his representative and friend, Henry Festing Jones. This led to personal friendship, and to contact with what may be called the Butler cult. And in 1914 I had actually signed a contract to write a book about my hero when the first world war intervened.

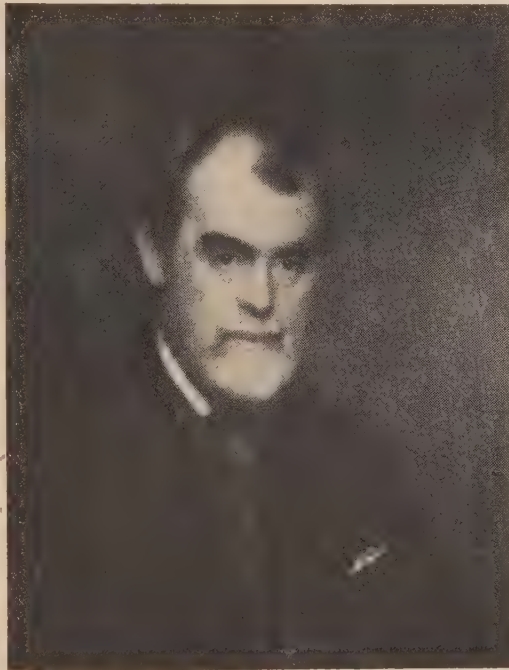
It was Bernard Shaw, already famous himself, who mainly spread Butler fame. He had spotted him right back in 1887, when he reviewed *Luck and Cunning*, and after his death made constant references. In the preface to 'Major Barbara', he writes:

It drives one almost to despair of English literature when one sees so extraordinary a study of English life as Butler's posthumous *Way of All Flesh* making so little impression that when, some years later, I produce plays in which Butler's extraordinarily fresh, free, and future-piercing suggestions have an obvious share, I am met with nothing but vague cacklings about Ibsen and Nietzsche.

He praises Butler's attitude to money, to crime, to disease, and to religion, and once, at an *Erewhon* dinner, I heard him

speak on the subject of Butler and the life-force. I do not remember the speech precisely: it had an after-dinner quality, although Shaw was teetotal—something rather vague about the bad behaviour of the human race, and the danger of a new form of life whisking down the chimney and taking charge, if we continued to misbehave. But I recall his respect and his enthusiasm. Butler certainly influenced him. He has also influenced a writer of a different type: Sir Desmond MacCarthy, who has charmingly recorded a boyhood meeting. So by the time of the first world war, Butler had acquired a considerable reputation. He was constantly on the lips of living men, and his reputation held good during the 'twenties. During the 'thirties it began to sag. The second world war obscured him, and I am not going to pretend to you that he is influential today. He is not. The young do not discuss him. *Erewhon* is still read, and the *Notebooks*, but they do not get talked about. The vicarious immortality for which his soul yearned is ended, is anyhow in abeyance.

It is my duty to offer some explanation of this: though I do not consider the subject of influence a very important one. A man's influence, the ups and downs of his reputation: it is all right to discuss such minor matters and we are now discussing them, but what really matters is a man's work: is it good, or is it bad—apart from the accidents of fashion or time? This talk of mine is only indirectly



Samuel Butler (1835-1902), a portrait by C. Gogin
National Portrait Gallery

concerned with the quality of Butler's work: that will be dealt with directly in other broadcasts in this series.

Of late years Butler has been exposed both to responsible criticism and to bad-tempered attacks. The criticism—and it alone concerns us—is unfavourable to his achievements as a scientist and as a scholar and as an aesthetic interpreter. In these directions he has no influence today, nor is he likely to regain any. Few will support him in his controversy with Darwin, or will uphold the views of Lamarck, as he did, or will agree the *Odyssey* was written by a lady who lived in the west of Sicily, or that Gaudenzio Ferrari was an important painter or Tabachetti a great sculptor, and not many will consent to exalt Handel to the heights with him, and to debase Beethoven to the corresponding depths. His research is too one-sided, his judgments too whimsical and arbitrary. One often feels that he adopted them in the first place in order to tease someone, and then forgot they had been intended as a joke. On one small point he has struck lucky: he assigned a very early date to some of Shakespeare's sonnets, and modern scholarship inclines to the same view. Otherwise he fails. Nor—to turn to creative matters—has he left any legacy either as a painter or as a musician. His pictures are not looked at; his cantata, 'Narcissus', is never performed.

The Scars of Conflict

He has mainly gone out of favour because he was a critic of society, and the society he criticised has passed away. He grew up under Victorianism, he was nearly strangled by it and had to fight against it and only saved his soul by escaping to New Zealand. A critical study on him, by Mr. P. N. Furbank, suggests that the fight nearly killed him spiritually, and though he conquered he always carried the scars of conflict. That is probably correct, and it helps to explain Butler's obsession on the subject of family life. As you know, he did not get on with his parents and *The Way of All Flesh* is largely autobiographical. Ernest Pontifex, its hero, is a dead sort of character to whom several living things happen; he is lowered into the hell of a Victorian rectory as Butler remembered it, he writhes under the paternal lash, he is stifled by the maternal embrace: he saved his soul alive, but at the cost of mistaking an honest girl for a prostitute, and going to prison in consequence. Part of the novel is interesting, part of it has become a bore, because the type of tyranny it criticises no longer exists. We cannot share the author's assumption. We are now sentimental over Victorianism—admiring its good side, and condemning its bad side because we have not had to suffer from it. In particular we do not want to abuse family life: indeed, many of us are anxious to preserve it as a bulwark against the overmastering fussiness of the industrial state. Today it is the state that bullies, the state that stifles: not papa and mamma.

Butler is, also out of date over money. He is more interesting and original over money than over the family, but here, too, he is describing a vanished society. Today, money is still powerful, but not as it was in Victorian times. Today, no one in Great Britain can amass a fortune unless he is prepared to do so dishonestly. The honest man, who makes a truthful income-tax return, can never become wealthy, for he will be relieved of his gains by super-tax. In Butler's day it was different. It was possible to become rich honestly, that is to say in accordance with the law and with public opinion. The rich could get richer if they were clever, and the poor could depend on the rich. Butler accepted this state of affairs with complacency; like his hero Ernest he had himself both made and lost money, and he is always intelligent and suggestive about it. But it is a state of affairs that has passed away. He did not foresee the welfare state and has little to say to those who are entangled in its coils. He belonged to the jungle of free enterprise. What he has to teach us here is the general lesson of clarity: it is a good thing to get clear about one's economic position. It is dangerous, very dangerous, to pretend that money does not exist, or to dismiss it as vulgar, as people did when I was young.

It is also good to get clear about crime and about disease. He has left us a legacy here. In *Erewhon* he reversed their positions, with the happiest results. Crime, in that topsy-turvy land, is an object for sympathy, and it can be cured. Disease is sinful, and is punishable, sometimes by death. The fantasy is profound and fruitful, and, in serious form, it has entered into thoughts of responsible people today. And another fancy—the idea that machines may take charge of the human race and may subdue it—has also taken root. His genius, though not poetic, was lively and adventurous: he was always sending it out on new errands and making it handle unpropitious material. Sometimes the results were unimportant. At other times they were exciting and helpful.

If Butler had not lived, many of us would now be a little deadlier than we are, a little less aware of the tricks and traps in life, and of our own obtuseness. His value, indeed, resides not in his rightness over this or that, not in his happy hits, not even in the frequent excellence of his prose and verse, but in the quality of his mind. He had an independent mind. He might indulge in private prejudices, but he never bowed to the prejudices of others, he suspected authority, he took nothing on trust, and he had no use for dogmas.

Here is his legacy, and he is of particular value to us today. The world of 1952 is so ugly and frightening that men take refuge blindly in anything that may shelter them. Some turn to communist dogma, others to ecclesiastical: creeds spiritually opposed but alike in this, that they offer the individual shelter at the price of his unquestioning obedience to authority. This tendency is not new in history: it has often shown itself when society is sick: it happened in the fourteenth century, after the black death; it happened along the coast of North Africa when the Roman Empire broke. It has achieved substantial results, but it has not advanced the human spirit.

Voltaire, in his large way, knew this: he built a church to God but wrote 'écrasez l'infâme'. Butler, in his smaller way, knew it too: he has left us the little fable of the Musical Banks, and though anything but an atheist he protested at being bullied or snubbed into the acceptance of the supernatural against his will. He stands for the undogmatic outlook, for tolerance, good temper, good taste, empiricism, and reasonableness. Well aware that reason is fallible, he held that we should be reasonable as long as we can, and should not plunge into mysticism because problems are difficult, or in obedience to the command of a priest or a commissar. There will always be mystery, perhaps there always should be mystery, but it is for the free spirit of man to reduce the mysteriousness and extend the frontiers of the known. Human pride will have a fall every now and then, and obscurantists will cry 'There! I told you so! Next time you'll listen to me'. But, all being well, human pride will scramble up once more and will wipe off the dust and the blood and go forward. Butler's main legacy, therefore, is this: he upheld, in his particular cranky way, the human spirit, and—for this, fifty years after his death, let us thank him.

Let me end on another note and with reference to a very different sort of legacy: to the odds and ends he left behind him: manuscripts, letters, to or from him, pictures, personal bric-à-brac, mantelpiece ornaments, his passport, a kettle-holder made for him by Miss Savage, mementoes from Sicily or elsewhere, and so on. These were all preserved, with humorous piety, by his friend and my friend, Festing Jones. I used to see them in his hospitable house in Maida Vale. Butler's best picture, 'Family Prayers', hung in the spare room there. It was a harmless cult—I have known many worse ones—and it rested on affection rather than on awe. Festing Jones wanted to give it the chance to continue, so he arranged that the various objects should be divided between two institutions. Some of them have gone to St. John's College, Cambridge (Butler's old college), others to Williams College, Williamstown, Massachusetts. I visited the Cambridge collection lately and sat for an hour where it is housed. It was a lovely morning. In the sunlight outside, ignoring the Butler legacy, passed the people whom he admired and called the Nice People and tried to depict in such characters as Townley and George—people who were healthy and happy and young and instinctive; and who would, he hoped, make fun of him when he was gone.—*Third Programme*

Adam

When Adam stood beneath the Knowledge Tree
Naked, and felt the full strength of the sun
Shine on his body, he had mastery
Of every visual form, not yet begun.

When Adam found a leaf, and God called out:
'Who told thee thou wast naked?' he began
To build that heaven from which God cast him out
With all the effort of a conscious man.

He hates the praise his false admirers give,
Who have not suffered. Always his eyes stared,
While these robustly found a way to live,
Into a heaven for which they never cared.

VERNON WATKINS

The Artist in Society

By JULES SUPERVIELLE

UNLIKE science, where progress from the Stone to the Iron Age took thousands of years, art immediately achieved some sort of perfection. Ever since the very earliest days society has been affected by the presence of the artist. If the prehistoric frescos had been preserved for us, we should probably find them as beautiful and as finished as the best work of later-day artists. Among the drawings of horses, bison, and reindeer made by our venerable ancestors there may have been many which even the most selective of galleries would be glad to exhibit.

Work That Is an Obsession

Man in society works at fixed times: the artist, though he often appears to be idle, really works unceasingly. With him, his work is nearly always an obsession. And so susceptible is he to the promptings of the unconscious that sleep, to the ordinary man a condition as far removed from work as it can be, often provides the artist with those elements which he sought in vain on the previous evening. But if there are times when the poem seems to come ready made, as if dictated, at others, composition demands an immense effort. In either case there is the same urgency on the part of the poet to view his work critically. Before he can do this he must separate himself from it. The words must leave his mind and be put down on paper. But the poet's handwriting is too closely linked with the innermost meaning to be impartial. Like his voice when he reads his own lines aloud, it tends to flatter them. So the poem has to be typed. This is the first step towards separating the artist from his work, which has now assumed the impersonal clothing of print. But before the work can make its impact on society it must first reach the pages of a newspaper, a periodical, or a book. From then on it has a life of its own, independent and multiple, ready either to start on its travels or to lie awaiting events at the book-sellers. It is, in short, ripe for circulation. The novel which has perhaps taken years in the writing can now fulfil its purpose by providing the reader with a pastime and a means of escape from anxiety.

For the man whose own mind is troubled there are few better sedatives than the troubles of a hero of fiction; his sympathy with them is all the more ready because of their distance from himself; they cannot intrude on him any further than he is willing to allow them, and should they move him too deeply he can always shut them out, simply by closing the book. The good novel has also this advantage over real life—dullness, repetition, and monotony can be left out. The great book, even when it is pessimistic in trend, encourages us to think life worth living. For in reality in great writing there are powers of invention, a clarity of expression, and a sense of form which strengthen our faith in man's possibilities and in his awareness. Such a book is a testimony to human perfectibility and to the ease—the apparent ease—with which the writer has overcome countless difficulties. In the artist society has a living reminder that despite the relentless logic of everyday life, man's capacity for dreaming still survives. Even those tied down to the most thankless tasks are encouraged by his presence to feel that their mental alertness is not dead, merely sleeping, and only needs to be reawakened.

The artist introduces the marvellous into man's ordinary life. It is he who represents what André Gide called '*la part de Dieu*'. Valéry says 'The first word is sent from Heaven'—'*Le premier vers est un don du ciel*'—the others have to be written. And one can hardly doubt that the artist, even when, like Valéry, he is an atheist, tries to approach as closely as possible to that mysterious force from which all beauty, natural or contrived, draws its life-blood. In life as we live it there is at least one miracle at which all men, the simplest, the most complex, even the most practical, are ready to marvel—the dawning of the new day. To the sleeper whose eyes are just opening, whose mind, emerging from darkness and dreams, regains consciousness, everything around him assumes an almost fabulous significance. He turns on the light; the furniture, the pictures, he himself, are still in their accustomed places. From outside the window he hears the voices of earlier risers, a footstep that he recognises, a cough that is unfamiliar. These everyday sights

and sounds reassure him that no veil is now drawn between himself and the common round of his life. And so he salutes them as miracles.

To the artist, the miracle comes not merely at such stated moments, but at any and all hours of the day. Nor need he go out in search of it, his heart and his brain, those exacting companions who provide him with his greatest surprises, are always at hand to keep him receptive to the inexhaustible grandeur of life. Art, whether it originates from the white races, the black, or the yellow, is the only international language, one which, without need of any previous study, is universally intelligible. Different people naturally have their own different ways of showing artistic appreciation, but to all who rejoice in it art brings forgetfulness that they belong to the herd. The artist, the real artist, keeps everyone's intelligence and sensitivity continually on the alert. His presence, like that of a child, stimulates and develops spontaneity and imagination in others. Neither the child nor the artist obeys any impulse beyond that of pleasing himself, whereas ordinary people before expressing their thoughts pass them, as it were, through a filter and too often reduce them to banalities.

It is obvious that the artist is at his best when he follows his own aspirations without troubling his head about pleasing society, or, if you prefer, the public. Work done to order or made to conform to the taste of those who have no artistic consciousness is in danger of losing much of its value. Admittedly the state has a right, an obligation even, in these days, as in those of Goethe, to turn an artist's gift to its own service. But though the matter may be suggested, the artist must be left free to present it in his own manner, and for this reason a subject such as politics, which allows the creative faculty no free play, can only have a stultifying effect. The artist's inward life, that part of his being which is most essential, has never been so subjected to police supervision as it is now in some countries. He may have no intention whatever of involving himself in political controversy, and yet he is pressed by all sides to join in with them; his opinion is constantly being invited on all sorts of questions, many of them completely irrelevant to his art. Not even when he is dead may an artist now rest in peace in his tomb. All sorts of views are attributed to him, and as a result we are assured that Victor Hugo was a communist writer; Gogol, too, and so many others. Here may be detected an attempt at the general mobilisation of thought, past as well as present, in the hope of forging from it weapons ready sharpened for the ideological conflict.

The 'Ivory Tower'

In past days the artist used to take refuge in what was called the 'ivory tower', to live in it almost alone, his only contact with the world outside being an invisible spyglass through which he was able to distinguish the happy few capable of appreciating his work. In our day the old ivory towers have been transformed into towers of babel and are equipped with loudspeakers. This may be the reason why certain real and even important artists, such as St. John Perse, have retreated behind the screen of a poetry which, while it is not a completely closed book, is almost beyond the reader's grasp. Others, like the surrealists, address their writing to those who enjoy unravelling mysteries, and it is possible that abstract art, both in painting and sculpture, expresses the desire of the artist to keep both the secrets of his craft and his mental fastidiousness safe from the horrors of vulgarisation. And yet the communist school of art advocates what is merely a form of photography, an exact reproduction, the more impersonal the better, of what lies around us. The mystical elements, the ineffable, the soul, God Himself, are all suspect reactionaries, whose proper place, apparently, is inside a concentration camp.

There is now a tendency, especially in France, where interest in literature is so keen—five out of every ten Frenchmen have in them the makings of a writer—to pay too much attention to the private affairs of the artist, especially the contemporary artist. His life is subjected to a kind of investigation by society, which then points its finger at his errors. Though, I must add, quite a number of artists, including some of the greatest, have anticipated society by making many sides of

their lives public property. The novelist can, and must, draw on his personal experience for situations, delights, and anxieties for his characters; but would it not be better to wait until an artist is no longer with us before making public all the aspects of his private life? Death alone can confer on human beings a kind of absolution, and the man who has died is now far enough removed from us to be judged with a generosity which owes something to the fact that he is not now liable to repeat his mistakes. Moreover, does not self-revelation tend to impair the quality of a writer's work? It is noticeable that the author who becomes too confidential seems in the process to lose the critical faculty. In his tone, when confessing, there is all too often a ring of almost intolerable complacency.

The artist in society: so far I have spoken only of those who have been able, in the shape of finished work, to give concrete proof of their gift—one in many thousands. But how about all those who have been deflected at the start from pursuing an artistic career? For though in one case, as we know, a writer who for years seemed to have nothing of value to give, passed the age of forty and became Marcel Proust, there are countless others where the sacrifices made by the aspirant, and by his family, have resulted only in bitter frustration. '*Découragez, découragez*', is what André Gide used to say, and I remember one occasion at least when his words were forcibly recalled to my mind. This was during one of my visits to South America. Among the passengers on the boat up the Paraguay river was a married couple. The wife was a painter, whose work had so far failed to attract public attention. Attributing this lack of success to a lack of significance in her subjects, she had set her heart upon finding one great enough to inspire a grand landscape. After much careful thought she had decided that the famous Iguazu waterfall, a five-day journey by water from Buenos

Aires, was sufficiently impressive for her purpose. Her husband agreed to the trip—a very expensive one—in the hope that the consequent blossoming of her talent would bring his wife peace of mind. She spent most of the journey shut away in her cabin in order that her mind might prepare itself undisturbed for the impact it was about to receive. On the day we arrived at Puerto Poujade, which is close to the celebrated falls, my wife said to me 'Listen to that bush! It sounds as if it were weeping'. It was the woman weeping: 'I can't go!' Overwhelmed by the prospective shock, she not only refused to see the falls, but refused even to let her excellent husband visit them.

Whether genuine or fake, artists are often the most disruptive influences in the lives of those who are close to them, and sometimes to society as well. It is therefore not altogether surprising that the state should look at them slightly askance and prefer the dead artist to the living. Once safely in the grave a man can provide no disagreeable surprises, utter no subversive opinions, provoke no scandals. His behaviour can only conform to convention and adapt itself to things as they are. So the state, while maintaining towards the living artist that eternal rebuff, a cool and somewhat questioning attitude, reserves its most conspicuous attention for those who are dead: orations, comfortable tombs, statues, commemoration tablets, and similar posthumous gifts.

But it is not in the bestowal of such marks of esteem that the state earns the artist's deepest gratitude; it is by becoming the custodian of the works he leaves behind, by making them known to the world, and by according them their place in fame, that it renders him the greatest service. In cherishing and making known his work after he is gone, the state, the ideal state, which perpetuates society, takes upon itself the charge of the artist and fulfils his secret yearnings.

—Third Programme

Composers as Critics

By CHARLES STUART

IN a recent article, Benjamin Britten suggested that musical criticism should be taken out of lay hands and given to people inside the profession—to performers, musical administrators, music publishers, concert promoters, and of course composers*. Mr. Britten's argument is that professionals have greater critical aptitude because they understand each other's problems so much better than the rest of mankind.

But understanding problems does not get us very far. The trouble with composers, in particular, is that they cannot always be depended on to understand each other's solutions. Robert Schumann, the most sensitive of all composer-critics, is rightly honoured for praising Chopin so promptly and generously. He proclaimed Chopin a genius on the strength of his Opus 2 in 1831, when Chopin was little more than a boy. Musicians have been admiring Schumann's insight ever since. But even on Chopin, he was capable of going off the rails. Consider his stuffy review of the B flat minor Sonata. He found the Funeral March repellent. A nice adagio movement, in D flat say, would have been so much more effective, he felt. As to the Sonata's last movement, that superb, wild unison, he insisted that it just wasn't music. Original, yes: terrifying even. But on the whole a thing to be deprecated.

Again, Schumann was the first to notice, or fancy he noticed, a morbid streak in Chopin. The twenty-four Preludes (Opus 28), he wrote, contained much that was sickly and feverish. A questionable thesis to say the least, but a surprisingly popular one in some quarters. Within a decade it was all over Europe. The contemporary English school of composer-critics took up the idea lovingly. George Alexander Macfarren, for example, told his composition pupils it would have been better for the general health and well-being of music if much that Chopin wrote, possibly all of it, had never seen the light of day. Sterndale Bennett, another Victorian composer of note, smiled pityingly when a young enthusiast wanted to play him the latest mazurkas. He forecast that Chopin's English publisher was going to lose a lot of money on his investment. In this Sterndale Bennett, as it happened, was right. Chopin's music did not begin to sell in this country until after the copyrights had expired.

A third composer-critic of the period, James William Davison, once

likened Chopin to 'a morbidly sentimental flea'. It does not do to say that Davison was a nobody. As music critic of *The Times* he was a major European influence. And as a writer of songs and piano pieces he took himself a good deal more seriously than is realised by most musical historians of the period. Admittedly, he did not have much success as a composer. But it cannot be pleaded that he wrote abusively about Chopin out of the bitterness of failure. He was capable of rejoicing noisily enough in the success of other men, in Mendelssohn's for example. It is clear that composer Davison damned Chopin simply because he could not see the point of Chopin.

For most contemporary critics, of course, Chopin was a much easier nut to crack than Berlioz and Wagner, the two outstanding critical problems of the century. On Berlioz Schumann comes out well enough. His 1835 essay on the '*Symphonie Fantastique*' is a masterpiece of penetration. He sees all the essential things, the things which so many other people were slow or unwilling to see. Berlioz' harmonic progressions often broke the old rules: granted. But, Schumann pointed out, they are so often magnificently right in their context. Then as to the rhythmic freedom of Berlioz' melodic line. This, Schumann said, might sound strange at first. But how strong, how decisive it really was. Nothing could be added, nothing taken away, without spoiling the whole effect. If composer-critics always wrote as finely as Schumann wrote about the '*Fantastique*', the rest of us would relinquish our pens without a murmur.

But now consider Schumann on early Wagner. Poor, amateurish stuff, he called it—empty, distasteful, lacking in all sense of form and euphony. Wagner could not be trusted to write even a four-bar phrase correctly. He was a half-licked musician who had not troubled to learn his harmony. The work Schumann had principally in mind when he wrote like this was '*Tannhäuser*'. He admitted it was unfair to judge this or any other Wagner opera from the score alone. The thing had to live and move in the theatre before one could properly take it in. . . . Still, Schumann certainly ought to have seen much more than he did in the purely musical aspect of Wagner. Early Wagner is not in fashion nowadays. We have to judge it in the historical context. And, judging it so, we see how immensely superior it was to most other

* Opera: March, 1952

operatic music of the time. Clearly, Schumann had a blind spot. He may or may not have appreciated Wagner's technical problems, but certainly Wagner's aesthetic solutions went clean over his head.

Berlioz, the most readable composer-critic of his own generation or any generation since, was equally wide of the mark on Wagner. That Berlioz could not make head or tail of the 'Tristan' Prelude is not, perhaps, surprising. He wrote his famous Wagner concert notice in 1860. At that time nine musicians out of ten, ninety-nine out of a hundred, were equally flummoxed by the 'Tristan' music. The really extraordinary thing is his obtuseness about the pre-'Tristan' compositions. 'The Flying Dutchman' overture as Berlioz heard it was little more than a sequence of tremolos, chromatic scales, and what he called 'black harmonies', unmitigated by any hint of melodic design. Listening to the 'Tannhäuser' overture he was pained by the famous semiquaver figure for violins, which accompanies the Pilgrims' Chorus. It went on and on, he protested, with such terrible persistency. He allowed that the 'Lohengrin' Prelude was a masterpiece. But, oddly enough, he jibbed at the breezy Introduction to 'Lohengrin', Act 3. A striking piece of music in its way, said Berlioz; but the effect of it was spoiled by insupportable dissonances. This is a puzzling judgment. As we know from his own music, Berlioz had reasonably tough tastes in harmony; he might have been expected to take the whole of 'Lohengrin' in his stride.

Wagner on Berlioz

But here we get down to a root difficulty. Berlioz was so preoccupied with his own line of originality that he was in no case to assimilate that of anybody else. Wagner himself suffered a like handicap with regard to Berlioz. It is true he was not altogether hostile. Occasionally he condescended. Berlioz had written a few pieces which, he said, were, in their way, perfect. The Pilgrims' March from 'Harold in Italy' was one of them. The slow movement in the Fantastic Symphony was another. But elsewhere he declares roundly that Berlioz had no sense of beauty and that his music was made up largely of 'grimaces'. It is a pity he did not always take the trouble to acquaint himself with the facts before passing judgment. In 1851, for example, he accused Berlioz of being hopelessly dependent on his 'complicated orchestral machines': this, apparently, because Berlioz used supplementary brass bands and a platoon of extra kettledrums in certain movements of his 'Requiem'. But the 'Requiem' is certainly not typical of Berlioz' scoring. The typical Berlioz page is of much slenderer tissue. And, generally speaking, his orchestral machines are not a bit bigger or any more complicated than those of Wagner himself. Yet once Wagner got an idea into his head there was no shifting it.

When Liszt was producing opera in Weimar he wrote him a letter throwing cold water on two very important Berlioz scores, 'Benvenuto Cellini' and 'The Damnation of Faust'. The 'Faust' music, he complained, was platitudinous, and 'Benvenuto' would not do at all, because there were gaps in the dramatic structure which the composer had had to fill in by purely musical dodges. To read Wagner's letter one would think he had been studying both scores for a fortnight. Actually it is pretty well established that he had not handled, or seen, or heard, either work. In any other man the circumstances would point to malice. But Wagner was not as other men are. The truth is that in the 'fifties he could think of nothing but his 'Ring of the Nibelungs' and the artistic reforms which he foresaw were necessary if the 'Ring' were ever to become reality in the theatre. Any music, any ideas, which did not chime with his own notions and purposes he dismissed impatiently. Even Beethoven's Ninth Symphony was subjected to this egocentric test. The choral finale was significant not in its own right, but as pointing the way to that preordained fusion of music and dramatic poetry which he, Richard Wagner, had been sent on earth to promote and effect.

When one great man does happen to understand another, he is apt to bundle everybody else out of the picture unceremoniously. So it was, coming nearer to our own time, with Alban Berg. Berg's great hero was Arnold Schönberg, his former teacher. Schönberg was the giant. Other living composers were, by comparison, small and rather futile. Berg listed their limitations and mannerisms in an article to the greater glory of Schönberg which came out on the master's fiftieth birthday in 1924. Composer A, he said, had a habit of putting false bass parts under primitive harmonies, while Composer B made you sit up by juxtaposing two or more different tonalities. The musical content of A and B alike showed a shocking poverty of invention, and so on. Berg did not identify the composers he had in mind. He damned them

anonymously and comprehensively. As a result it is hard at this time of day to be sure which cap was intended to fit whom.

As between Berg and Schönberg, of course, admiration was mutual. But even a fellow genius can never be sure his compliments are going to be returned. We see this in the case of Debussy and Rimsky-Korsakov. In his critical capacity Debussy cordially welcomed the music of Rimsky-Korsakov, when it was still something of a novelty in the west. At much the same time Rimsky-Korsakov was listening to Debussy's music in old Saint Petersburg. After one Debussy piece he turned to a young pupil of his, Igor Stravinsky, and said, 'You know, really one shouldn't listen to such music. The danger is that one may get used to it and finally come to like it'.

Debussy himself was at times even more narrow-minded. Many of his critical essays are chauvinistic to suffocation point. It is true he found it in his heart to praise his great German contemporary, the young Richard Strauss. The only thing by Strauss at which he seems to have drawn the line was the 'Death and Transfiguration' tone-poem. That entire work breathes a sentiment quite alien to everything Debussy stood for in musical aesthetic. Yet he did not do more than take one or two ironical digs at it. On the whole Debussy praised Strauss warmly and emphatically—a remarkable thing, when we consider the artistic gulf between the two men.

But when the chauvinistic fit was upon him Debussy was capable of the most fantastic postures. He actually asked his readers to believe that the weaknesses of French music during the 'nineties were due in part to the foreign influence and machinations of Marie Antoinette and the Chevalier Gluck more than a hundred years earlier. His railings against Wagner contain not a single watertight argument. They are simply a contra-affirmation of Gallic taste. Puccini made him bristle, 'La Bohème' in particular. Here was an Italian opera based on a minor masterpiece of French literature. He could never forgive Puccini and his librettists for having laid impious hands on the *Vie de Bohème* of Henri Murger. Really, of course, Debussy as a good Frenchman ought to have been pleased. There are people all over the world today who might never have heard of Murger, and certainly would not have read him, if they had not been put on the scent by Puccini's opera. We must not forget, of course, that Puccini offends some professional ears simply by being Puccini. Benjamin Britten, for example, has confessed that he hates Puccini's music. He dismisses it as a mere string of tricks and *clichés*, so much 'musical journalism'. Journalism, as I realise, is a profession which has achieved much; but I was not aware it had given us a 'Gianni Schicchi' or, come to that, a second act of 'Tosca'.

Altogether, judging your contemporaries seems to be quite as tricky a job for the composer-critic as for the layman. Where composers do shine, often, is in writing about their great predecessors. Wagner on Weber's 'Freischütz' overture is inspiring. He makes us hear the music more vividly, more eloquently, in our imaginations than we ever hear it in the concert room. Berlioz on the Beethoven symphonies has much the same effect. His prose agreeably chills the spine. Tchaikovsky on his great compatriot Mussorgsky is even sillier than Tchaikovsky on Brahms and Wagner, which is saying much. He found Mussorgsky's 'Boris Godunov' 'the commonest, lowest parody on music', and Brahms, he said, was a pretentious fellow, uninspired, and totally lacking in creative genius. As to Wagner, Tchaikovsky once said after hearing 'The Valkyrie' that the singers' notes had no more importance in the score than those for the fourth horn. On this point a first-year student could refute Tchaikovsky from every other page of the 'Ring'. On the other hand, Tchaikovsky writing about Mozart is pure, radiant poetry. For him Mozart is the culminating point of all musical beauty: the ideal whose approach makes him tremble with delight.

Beginning of the New Tchaikovsky Cult

Tchaikovsky in his turn has a great apologist and banner-bearer in Stravinsky. Twenty or thirty years ago Tchaikovsky's music was badly in need of a champion. For one reason or another his stock had declined steeply throughout the west, and Stravinsky did much to rehabilitate him. He not only wrote and talked ardently about Tchaikovsky. Much more important, during the early 'twenties he helped Diaghilev to revive 'The Sleeping Beauty' ballet; which had a decisive effect upon the new Tchaikovsky cult.

Bellini's is another reputation Stravinsky has refurbished, or tried to refurbish. About a century ago Schumann detected more melody in the first two chords of Beethoven's 'Eroica' Symphony (they are

(continued on page 962)

NEWS DIARY

June 4-10

Wednesday, June 4

French Minister of the Interior describes communist appeal for strikes as 'a complete failure'

American Commandant in Berlin protests to Soviet authorities over wounding of an American military police driver by an East German police guard

United Kingdom and Australian Governments express concern to President Syngman Rhee over proclamation of martial law in South Korea

Thursday, June 5

H.M. the Queen's official birthday celebrated by traditional parades in many parts of the world

Soviet representative in Berlin protests to British commandant over cordoning off of Soviet radio building in British sector

Sir William Haley, Director-General of the B.B.C., resigns. He is to succeed Mr. W. F. Casey as editor of *The Times*

Friday, June 6

General Ridgway attends ceremonies in Normandy commemorating eighth anniversary of D-Day landings

Mr Anthony Eden elected President of O.E.E.C.

Lord Alexander leaves London for Korea

Saturday, June 7

Royal Proclamation of the Queen's Coronation in June, 1953, read at four points in London

Increase reported in number of people crossing into German Federal Republic from Soviet zone

Secretary of State for Air announces that R.A.F. is to be equipped with a new night-fighter

Sunday, June 8

President Auriol appeals to Frenchmen to have nothing to do with present wave of civil disorder. Police make further raids on Communist offices

Air Chief Marshal Sir William Dickson to succeed Sir John Slessor as Chief of Air Staff

Monday, June 9

International Court of Justice at The Hague meets to consider Court's competence to deal with Anglo-Persian oil dispute

Trade Union conference opens in Johannesburg to discuss effect of Suppression of Communism Act on their movement

Mr. Menzies, Australian Prime Minister, speaks in London on need for closer economic consultations between the Commonwealth countries

Tuesday, June 10

Nearly 13,000 prisoners in Kojé moved into smaller compounds

Lord Alexander arrives in Tokyo

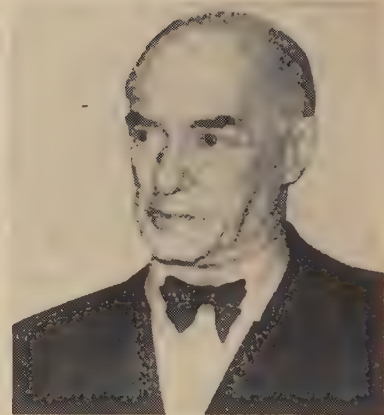
Foreign Secretary makes statement in Commons about agreements signed in Paris and Bonn



The scene on Horse Guards Parade, Whitehall, on June 5 as H.M. the Queen took the salute at the ceremony of Trooping the Colour in honour of her official birthday. Right: Her Majesty, mounted on the police horse 'Winston', taking the salute at the gates of Buckingham Palace on her return.



British and West German police on guard outside the Russian-controlled broadcasting station in West Berlin which was cordoned off for a week by British troops 'in the interests of the population'. The cordon was removed on June 10 after the Russians had relaxed some of their recently imposed border controls



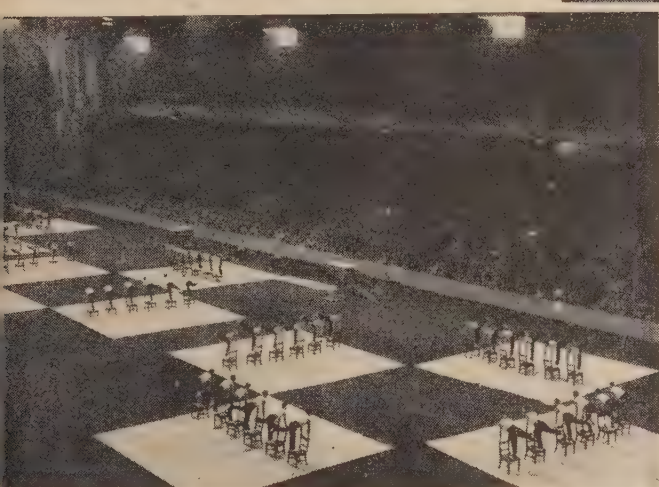
Sir Desmond MacCarthy, the literary critic, who died on June 7 at the age of seventy-five. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, he afterwards settled in London and spent a number of years in free-lance journalism, becoming dramatic critic of 'The New Statesman' in 1913. In 1930 he was appointed literary critic of the 'Sunday Times'. He published several volumes of essays and since 1944 had been President of the English P.E.N. Club. He was a witty conversationalist and an excellent broadcaster. Two days before his death Cambridge University conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters



King of Arms, Sir George Bellew, reading the proclamation of the Queen from the balcony of St. James's Palace on Saturday. With him, the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, and Clarenceux King of Arms



The Rt. Hon. Robert Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, having the Freedom of London conferred on him on June 4: he is seen at Guildhall receiving from the Lord Mayor, Sir Leslie Boyce, the casket containing the scroll



Training display by members of the Combined Services at the Royal Tournament which opened at Earl's Court, London, on June 4



Keats' House, Hampstead, which was reopened on Saturday. The house has been redecorated as nearly as possible in the style in which it was when the poet lived there



Price whose fine play in the Curtis match at Muirfield, Scotland, last week contributed to Great Britain's first ever victory over the American women's team in the matches began in 1932



F. S. Trueman, the Yorkshire fast bowler, seen in action in the first Test Match at Leeds last week. On Saturday he took three of the first four wickets which India lost in their second innings lost without scoring a run. England won by seven wickets



Racing in Division III in the May Races at Cambridge last weekend. Lady Margaret retained its place at the Head of the River

(continued from page 959)

identical chords, you may remember) than in ten melodies by Bellini. Stravinsky puts this absurdity in reverse. He tells us that Bellini quite outshines Beethoven as a melodist—or, rather, that Bellini was by nature a melodist, and that Beethoven just was not. It is Stravinsky, again, who finds more true musical invention in Verdi's 'La donna e mobile' than in the whole of Wagner's 'Ring'. Such extremism can

have only one effect: it merely damages the cause it is intended to serve.

But one thing is clear. Even when they write erratically about each other, great composers go on being read and quoted. Their public is ready-made and lasts for ever. Mark you, lay critics would not have it otherwise. For we, too, after our fashion, revere men of genius. What is more, when they go off the mark dialectically, we know how to make allowances for them.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

'Europeans Only'

Sir,—Mr. Allen protests too much. He tells me that the gardens above Adderley Street have no benches with 'Europeans Only' on them; and, of course, I accept his word for it. This would make them unique in a public place in South Africa, and it may well be that I took them too much for granted. After all, I was walking and talking with Mr. Alonzo on a hot afternoon; the races had segregated themselves in neat patches of colour, each to a bench, and Mr. Alonzo himself was under the impression that mixed sitting was illegal in that park. We may both have been wrong in that case. Certainly, we did not ask people to move aside in order to check the lettering which is so notable a feature of the country.

As regards education, Mr. Allen is doing his unbelievable best to give the impression that there is little or no difference between the facilities for white and coloured children. If that is so, then there is something very wrong in the average cost per pupil. According to the estimates for 1949-50 quoted in *THE LISTENER* by Mr. O. Caldecott and not noticed by Mr. Allen, these averages are: European, £41.99; coloured and Asiatic, £16.55; African, £6.41. If this represents anything like an equal education, someone is paying a great deal too much for the whites.

Yours, etc.,

Fareham

JULIAN DUGUID

'Child Adoption in the Modern World'

Sir,—Your reviewer has given a splendid write-up to my new adoption book, and I am grateful to him. I am sure he will not mind my referring to one point arising from his review. So far as the numbers and percentages of adopted children who are delinquent or disturbed are concerned, I did not know there was strong statistical evidence that delinquencies and nervous disorders are commoner among adopted children than among those brought up by their own parents, and all the information I have gleaned from other experts tends to confirm the opposite view: that adopted children do not more readily than others become subjects for child guidance—not, at least, because they are adopted.

The children available for adoption are always children in some degree deprived, and as Dr. John Bowlby has shown in *Maternal Care and Mental Health*, it is the deprived child who most readily becomes the difficult child. But this is not the same thing at all as suggesting that the adoption as such causes the disorder. It is true that we know extremely little about the factors of success or failure in adoption, but this makes it all the more important to determine which disturbances are due to the pre-adoption experiences of the child and which of them belong properly to the time after he was adopted. This matters particularly in the case of a child adopted after the age of, say, two years.

Yours, etc.,

Bromley

MARGARET KORNTITZER

'A Woman Surgeon'

Sir,—The reviewer of my book in your issue of May 22 alluded 'to the terribly hard work' that I had mentioned as having been done while I was a student at the Royal Free Hospital. The 'hard work' referred to the time when I was in private practice in Hull.

He further kindly suggested that I was a pioneer, and that in addition to having been a founder of the New Sussex Hospital in Brighton (which was a fact), I was also responsible for the inception of the hospital in the Abbaye de Royaumont during the first world war. This was not so: the hospital was founded and financed by the Scottish Women's Hospital Committee.

Its surgeon-in-chief was Miss Ivens, C.B.E., M.S., a friend and colleague of mine to whose splendid work I referred on page 168. She begged me to locum for some weeks for Mrs. Berry, one of her surgeons, which I did during my own holiday. For reasons I have explained I was not able to leave Brighton for regular work abroad.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.8

L. MARTINDALE

Why Greek Rationalism Failed

Sir,—Though I fear that the lines between Professor Dodds and myself are hopelessly crossed, may I make a final attempt to unravel them? I am sorry that he should class me among those who are guilty of using rationalism as a term of abuse for questioning his description of the Socratic ethic as 'naive intellectualism'. The fact, if it is a fact, that most scholars would agree with such a judgment is surely irrelevant: most scholars simply because they are scholars, find it difficult to appreciate that there is a vital distinction between *nous* and that process which we are pleased to call clear thinking. They assume too readily that the modes of operation of the human intelligence are the same from age to age. In the *Memorabilia*, Socrates is represented as saying: 'understand that even as your own mind within you can turn and dispose of your body as it lists, so ought we to think that the wisdom which abides within the universal frame does so dispose of all things'. Unfortunately, our own minds do not work in that way. *Eros* was the medium in which the flesh of Socrates' intellect swam.

By comparison, our own is a fish out of water. It is no *amende*, therefore, for Professor Dodds to say that any reproach was unintentional and that Socrates' identification of reason with the moral will constituted 'an important service to philosophy', for he immediately goes on to affirm that later thinkers 'demonstrated its inadequacy'. Inadequate in what way?

Bertrand Russell has just reminded us that a modern synthesis may elude a lifelong search, yet there are reasons for thinking that the key to it may be found in the person of Socrates. Kierkegaard's 'Purity of heart is to will one thing', Jung's dictum that 'One must learn to know oneself in order to know who one is', and the existentialists' enforced preoccupation with the inner life of the individual—each in

its different way points the need of returning to the Socratic position. That more is involved in this return than 'naive intellectualism' most of us know to our cost.

Professor Dodds' recommendation that I should read his recent book comes too late. Since he has almost certainly had no opportunity of reading it as yet, may I, in turn, refer him to my *Apology for Education*.—Yours, etc.,

W. KENNETH RICHMOND

Glasgow University

John Wesley in Scotland

Sir,—It was pleasant to find in *THE LISTENER* of June 5 a photograph—if only in part—of the equestrian bronze of John Wesley. Both the bronze and its sculptor are too little known. The bronze, life size, originally destined for Hyde Park, stands before the old stable and chapel, so often used by Wesley, in Bristol. The sculptor, the late A. G. Walker, A.R.A., is represented in London by the statues of Florence Nightingale in Waterloo Place, Mrs. Pankhurst at Millbank, and a small ivory—carved out of a tusk with a surgical scalpel—of Christ at the Column, at the Tate Gallery. But his inspiration and craftsmanship never met at quite so high a level as in his portrait of John Wesley on his horse, his last major work. Seen from whatever angle, this is surely one of the most natural, beautiful, and completely satisfying equestrian statues in the British Islands.—Yours, etc.,

Athenaeum, S.W.1

H. H. BASHFORD

The Ups and Downs of the Umbrella

Sir,—As an illustration to David Piper's recent talk, you print a photograph of the statue in Waterlow Park of Sir Sydney Waterlow, with trilby hat and umbrella. A replica of this statue is to be seen in the forecourt of Westminster City School, Palace Street, S.W.1. Sir Sydney, who was the first chairman of the governing body of the united Westminster Schools, holds in his left hand a scroll, whereas in the Highgate statue he holds out the key of Waterlow Park.—Yours, etc.,

Westminster City
SchoolF. W. ROBINSON
Senior English Master

Poetry and Poverty

Sir,—I should be pleased if you would help us to make it known through your columns that *Poetry and Poverty* is to be revived as a quarterly magazine. The summer number is now in preparation and will be edited by Dannie Abse. It will contain work by Herbert Read, Lawrence Durrell, Kathleen Raine, Lynette Roberts, Roy MacFadden, C. Busby Smith, Clifford Dyment, Jacques Prévert, Paul Dehn, Michael Hamburger, Peter Viereck, Emanuel Litvinoff, etc.

Intending contributors should send their work to the Editor, c/o 28a Belsize Square, N.W.3.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

J'ARRY GREEN

Flower Gardening in June

By P. J. THROWER

GARDENERS, both amateur and professional, are more concerned at the present time about the greenfly than anything else. I would not like to count the number of times my telephone has rung during the past few weeks and it has either been 'the leaves of my plum tree are all curled up, what is the trouble?' or 'I have blight on my roses, what can I do?' Greenfly, blackfly and other kinds of aphids are often referred to as blight; it is not blight at all: blight is a fungus disease. Yet I must be honest: I have never known a season when greenfly has been worse; not only are they on almost every plant in our gardens, but on the hedges, trees and wild flowers as well.

We can, I think, say we have had a good growing time this spring, and of course a good growing time for the plants is a good growing time for greenfly; they increase by the thousands. No doubt you know from what happens in the greenhouse, when you make conditions ideal for plant growth, greenfly seems to appear from nowhere. It is the greenfly which causes the curling of the leaves on the peach, nectarine and plum trees and on other trees and plants as well, and we want to know how to control it. Many times I have preached what an old gardener I served under used to drum into me, 'Prevention is better than cure'—and that is true in this case, because once the leaves are curled up, the greenfly has a marvellous protection and it is difficult to get at.

A New Insecticide

There are on the market now some new sprays containing B.H.C., this is short for 'Benzene Hexachloride'. I tried one only last week. I am guilty of letting the greenfly get on my Hydrangeas and a Clematis on the wall of my house. It was exceptionally good and there is no greenfly on them now. It is easy to mix, safe to use and certainly much cheaper than nicotine. According to the instructions it can be used on most things and it claims to be effective against cabbage root fly. I have yet to try it for this. The instructions how to use the B.H.C. spray are very easy to follow, and it is claimed to be harmless to the user, birds and animals. Of course what we gardeners are anxiously waiting for are those insecticides to come on the market which we can give to the plants in the water, the plant itself takes up the insecticide and all insects feeding on the plant are destroyed; that is a treat in store for us. The most important thing with the B.H.C., as with all insecticide sprays, is that the spray must be applied so that the undersides of the leaves are thoroughly wetted, because this is where the greenfly and other insect pests will be found. Where the leaves on the fruit trees or other plants have curled with the greenfly you will need to use a forceful spray to get into and under those curled leaves.

I see that cabbage butterflies are about, and I expect the next thing will be cabbage caterpillars (it is strange how these pests seem to come in cycles). It is claimed that these sprays containing B.H.C. are effective against cabbage caterpillars too, as well as many other pests. I think the best thing I can advise is for you to get a leaflet from your horticultural sundriesman; you can study the details for yourself.

We must not plant out our bedding plants and let them fend for themselves; if the weather is warm and dry, we must water to help get them established; we want some colour on those plants as soon as we can get it so that we can enjoy and feel proud of our work for as long as possible. Far too often plants are just sprinkled over the top and not given a thorough watering. We see a watering-can with what I call a hoop-like handle on the top, a round rose on the end of the spout, and the water just trickles out, not a proper spray, and it takes about ten minutes to put on a couple of gallons of water. A good watering-can will, I know, cost a little extra, but you will find it is well balanced, it gives a good, but not heavy spray, and you can use it for hours without getting tired. It is no good just wetting the surface, you must get the water down to the roots and it is surprising what a lot it takes, but it is much better for your plants to give them one good watering and let go for a week than just sprinkling them over every evening.

Approximately twelve months from now we shall be in the midst of celebrations for the Coronation, and all of us who have flowers will be anxious to have everything looking spick and span and colourful. It is what we might call between the seasons, between the spring and summer display, but we need not let that dishearten us. We can look round the garden and make a note of those plants which are in flower at the present time: they will include Lupins, Geums, Sweet Williams, Canterbury Bells, Cheiranthus, Pansies and Violas, Astilbes, or what are commonly known as Spiraeas, Iris, some of the earliest Delphiniums and a host of others. With the exception of the Astilbes and Iris, seeds of these plants can be sown now and they will make good flowering plants for next year at this time, and of course many of the herbaceous plants which you already have in your garden can be divided up in the autumn or early spring, and you can have a really colourful show for the Coronation.

If you have not already sown your Wallflowers, do not forget they want to be sown before the middle of the month. Sow them in drills on a spare piece of ground, make your drills about an inch deep and if the soil is dry, water along the drills before you sow. If you are in the town you may have to protect them against the sparrows, and the best way I know is with black cotton stranded about three inches above the rows.

And what about varieties of Wallflowers? Will you make a note of these because I think they are worth it. Orange Bedder, Golden Bedder, Crimson Bedder and Ruby Bedder. I mention these because they make compact bushy plants; they do not get tall and straggly and the colours are exceptionally good. Other seeds to sow this month are Myosotis (Forget-me-nots), Daisies, winter-flowering Pansies and the Cheiranthus or Siberian Wallflowers; and the Polyanthus seedlings should be ready for pricking out.—*Midland Home Service*

U.S. Foreign Policy

(continued from page 947)

In such a situation, one often reflects on how lucky we are to be able to have a foreign policy at all—to say nothing of having one that so many of us are able to support with more than a little enthusiasm.

But I am inclined, as are many other observers, to the view that after the fevers of this election year have subsided, we shall find ourselves in a new and more agreeable situation. This optimism does not rest on any particular view of the way the conventions and the elections will work out. It rests on the following facts: we have seen, in our primary elections, that our people are better agreed on some of these questions than our politicians. Broadly speaking, the country supports the moderates in both camps. This, obviously, increases the possibility of a moderate being elected; equally important, it increases the possibility that, in the event that an immoderate is lucky enough to carry off both nomination and election, he will behave in a moderate fashion, for the sentiment that has been expressed in these primaries will have to be reckoned into account even by those who disapprove it.

Most important of all, the conventions, barring the most unlikely event of Mr. Truman's changing his mind and becoming a candidate once more, will guarantee a break in political continuity. The wild talk about treason has founded itself on actions not of the present but of the past. Aside from Mr. Averell Harriman, who is not now rated as having much of a chance of becoming president, none of the candidates has had any direct responsibility for the conduct of foreign policy in the last two administrations. It will be impossible for political passion to spend itself on the aims of the new administration, whosoever it may be, at least until it has accumulated a few sins. Where political passion will spend itself in the next few years I cannot imagine, but I am fairly well convinced that we are on the point of discovering that we are a fairly stable and well-knit society, not only in terms of the life we have worked out for ourselves here, but in terms of our view of the world.

—*Third Programme*

Places Lived In

Queen Victoria's 'Island Home'

SIR HUGH CASSON on Osborne House, Isle of Wight

OSBORNE is a house on an island. That gives it a good start. Because for most of us, however tamed and cosy an island may be in fact—and, let us face it, the Isle of Wight is about as wild and unfriendly as a teapot—nevertheless in the imagination an island remains a place of mystery and romance—a place apart. Is it just the physical separation? Or the books we read as children? Or is it—as I suspect it must be—just the queer feeling of shared experience that is ours as we walk about upon an island, that knowledge that nearly everything that is man-made—buses and

because that is exactly what he wanted it to be. He and the Queen bought the estate in 1844, as a retreat from the stately rigours of Buckingham Palace and Windsor. They paid £26,000 for it. Its position, overlooking Spithead, was an added advantage because, as he wrote—how conscientious he was even in his private pleasures—‘it will give facilities for maritime excursions which will be very well received by the Navy’. Thomas Cubitt, the famous speculative builder of Bloomsbury and Belgravia, was called in to help, and two years later the Royal Family moved in, followed informally across the threshold by an old shoe thrown by a romantically minded lady-in-waiting.

From the first they loved it. Here they spent much of their married life. Here Queen Victoria retired as a widow. It was here, in a first-floor bedroom the windows of which are still shuttered in her memory, that she was to die. The Prince Consort farmed and gardened and built. He planted monkey-puzzle trees and tried to turn the house sewage into manure for the home farm. The Queen helped him with the furnishings. The royal life there was simple, free, informal, and even unpunctual. ‘We are wholly given up’, Albert wrote, ‘to enjoyment of warm summer weather. The children catch butterflies, Victoria sits under the trees, I drink the Kissingen water’.

And yet, as you look across the cedar-shaded lawns, studded with brilliant flowerbeds, like bright embroidered footstools upon a green carpet, it is somehow impossible to believe that Osborne House was once a happy and well-loved family home. There it sits, as pretty as a rather pompous and Italianate sort of picture, informally composed, romantic in silhouette, trying its very hardest to look like



Osborne House, Isle of Wight, from the air

a country house, but succeeding only in looking rather like a hydro or a country club.

chimney-pots, lamp-posts and boots, railings, taxis, and cheese—have all of them made the same short journey as we have across the sea, and are thereby touched with magic? Whatever the answer, there is at any rate plenty of magic in the Isle of Wight. Not the magic of remoteness, and frowning cliffs, and torn, scurrying clouds, but the magic of the miniature, and of a Victorian miniature at that. Everything about it—its buildings and gardens, its grottos and souvenirs, its Gothic vicarages and Ematt railway engines—is of the nineteenth century, still almost miraculously preserved, as if beneath a domed Victorian glass upon a mantelpiece. I daresay there are lots of television sets and plastic factories in the Isle of Wight, but they hide behind a Victorian atmosphere which is so strong that it spreads over to the mainland—or at any rate to the Royal Pier, Southampton, where (up to a few years ago) the traveller was greeted by a splendid collection of elderly elegants—stove-pipe funnels, grained woodwork, and paddleboxes bearing fine Victorian names (*Lord Elgin*, *Duchess of Cornwall*, *Balmoral*) painted, in fine Victorian letters. On a summer evening you could hear these old steamers coming from miles away, their paddles thumping the water like a spaniel's tail upon the floor, and the piano banging its heart out in the saloon, among the light ales and ham salads. Alas! they are mostly gone now, but the fast, slick steamers which have replaced them have not yet—thank goodness—carried their slickness to Cowes, which remains, with its stucco villas, fretted balconies, and tiny, winding streets, much as it was 100 years ago.

Across the river and above the town, but invisible from it, stands Osborne, once the marine residence of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. ‘Marine residence’ is of course the guide-book's phrase. Prince Albert always called it ‘our island home’,

The official entrance to the state apartments is through the Durbar wing, a clumsily designed addition built on in later years to accommodate the many official ceremonies which followed the Court to Osborne. But I chose to go through the front door, beneath the red, gold, blue and white painted ceiling, over the crimson carpet, and



The drawing-room in the state apartments

Crown copyright reserved: reproduced by permission of the Controller, H.M. Stationery Office

between the columns painted the colour of treacle toffee, until—passing under the white marble nose of ‘Noble’, Queen Victoria’s favourite colliie—I reached the central staircase, winding up to the personal apartments on the first floor and the royal nurseries above. Round this lofty staircase hall are planned *en suite* the main state apartments. First the billiard room, so placed that the gentlemen could play comfortably, still in the Queen’s presence but comfortably out of her sight. Then the drawing-room, looking over the velvet lawns to the sea. Finally the dining-room, now furnished with the miniature tables and chairs designed for the royal children.

Somehow all these rooms manage to face north, and despite the brilliant lemon yellow curtains, the light captured within their crowded polished interiors is cold and unfriendly. Behind the scarlet guard ropes, like some nightmare array of wedding presents, stand the furniture, ornaments and pictures which Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had chosen, or had been given, for their home. Even the most devoted admirer of ‘Victoriana’ would, I think, flinch to see them. Vases and screens, stools and boxes, inkstands and cabinets, everything carved and worked and inlaid and encrusted. Portraits of St. Bernard dogs and Vestal Virgins, of Neapolitan boys and Roman peasants and Norwegian widows; paintings of Dawn and Sunset, of War and Peace; bunches of heather from Balmoral, tusks from Nepal, china pug-dogs, presentation caskets—all excellently displayed, clearly labelled, and spotlessly clean. My own prize for hideous ingenuity went to an eight-foot-high porcelain grandfather clock, with hand-painted panels and a bronze herald emerging from its stomach. On this, even the catalogue was silent—or, shall I say, speechless?

Down a long corridor lined with fiercely coloured portraits of Indian potentates lies the Durbar room, designed by an Indian architect—sixty long relentless feet of carved and patterned teak. To enter it is like lifting the lid of a vaster version of one of the hundred or so ornamental caskets the room contains. There is no effect of grandeur in this room. It is indeed difficult to picture anybody making use of it, and I saw only one engaging object—a fly-swatter made of peacock’s feathers, bound in scarlet velvet.

Sandwiched between this room and the state apartments—a surprising tit-bit between these layers of indigestible pastry—is the Antler Room, a tiny parlour, in which chairs, table, sofa, candelabra, chandelier and clock are all made of antlers—a development, presumably, of the furniture from Germany exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1851. The carpet is fearfully coloured in green, crimson, orange, mustard, and purple, on which the little furry, cloven feet of the sofa look ill at ease and slightly sinister. On the walls, grouped round a portrait of the famous John Brown, are twenty-three paintings of the Queen’s dogs—Noble and Nannie and Flo and Wat and Fern and Quiz and Minnie and Scamp and Sally and the rest. One big group has even got below it that outline key, with numbered heads, such as you find below those Victorian pictures of notable assemblies. On the sofa lies the little cross-stitch cushion which the Queen used to have always at her back, and the fact that there is no bell shows that life within this engaging little room was informal and homely. Outside it, a lady’s bicycle beneath the stairs and a notice saying ‘Silence—Night Nurse asleep’ reminds the visitor that to the west of the main block lies the household wing—since 1902 an officers’ convalescent home, with its up-to-date baths and gymnasia; and recreation rooms where the patients play ping-pong beneath the stained-glass windows. The original kitchen still survives, with its huge scrubbed tables and some of its original saucepans and copper moulds—and if you are lucky enough to meet the cook she will tell you how as a child she once was taken to an upstairs landing, where, peering through the potted plants, she saw the Queen herself descending to dinner.

Across the park and down towards the sea is the Swiss cottage, built in 1853 for the royal children as a place where, says the guide, ‘they could throw off the restraint of royalty’. This is a perfect piece of cuckoo-clockery smelling sweetly of the pine of which it is built. Round

the eaves are carved in German improving mottoes devised by Albert—I expect the children had to learn these by heart. On the first floor are the parlour, dressing-room and dining-room, all with their original furniture, placed exactly where it used to be: little yellow wood tables with legs like stacked cotton reels, a royal cradle shaped like a rowing-boat, blue willow pattern basins and jugs. Above Prince Albert’s own writing-desk, brought from Lucerne, and carved within an inch of its life, hang photographs of royal brides, framed with sprigs of their orange-blossom. On the ground floor is, I think, without doubt the nicest kitchen I have ever seen—blue-and-white tiled walls, tiny stoves and saucepans and sinks, miniature green patterned plates racked on a scrubbed dresser, and everything winking and shining as if the Seven Dwarfs polished every inch of it every day.

Near by, matching the Swiss cottage in style, stands the museum, built in 1861 to house the royal children’s collections. Much has been added since, and it now has everything: birds’ eggs and fossils and dried seaweed, brooches of fishbone, hats of plaited feathers, the upper part of a Greek amphora, a model Sopwith biplane, a coconut engraved with silver, a piece of George Washington’s coffin, the smallest pair of scissors in the world, and an African bust of Queen Victoria, labelled ‘Crude’. All very nice and crowded and clean. Outside is the miniature fortress, complete with moat, drawbridge, and cannon balls the size of pheasants’ eggs. This was built by the Duke of Connaught, as a boy. Today it looks harmless enough: primroses and violets blooming on the ramparts, and a Union Jack, no larger than a handkerchief, flapping from a miniature flag-pole. Facing it is the children’s garden, and a shed in which are displayed the tools and wheelbarrows, each appropriately inscribed, in which they carted up to Osborne the produce they grew. And aloof above them all, on a pedestal, stands the royal bathing-machine upon its black wheels.

To me, much of the fun of visiting the deserted homes of the famous lies in picturing the life that once these empty rooms contained. In some houses, this atmosphere of life but recently suspended remains for generations. In others, it vanishes through the front door with the departing owners, and the rooms return at once to the expectant impersonality of a hotel bedroom. At Osborne, this echo of time past is dim and hard to catch. There are places where it is audible—in the Antler Room, among the snowy scrubbed tables and shining copper of the royal sculleries, between the baking brick walls of the vegetable garden, in the Swiss cottage, and no doubt in the locked and shuttered royal bedrooms where visitors are not allowed. But at Osborne this failure to preserve an atmosphere is not the fault of the architecture or of the extraordinary cargo it conceals. Nor certainly is it the fault of those who look after the place with such affection and energy. It is the fault, I think, of time. The Victorian period has reached that awkward stage in the pendulum swing of taste, when it is now not far enough away for history, yet too far for ‘Do you remember?’ It has not yet gained the respect which is awarded to antiquity, but it has lost the magic of times just past—that magic which today makes an Edwardian croquet mallet or a shell splinter from the Somme relics of a period somehow more remote and strange than the age of the Pharaohs.

And yet, not for the world would I have missed my trip to Osborne, and as the paddle-steamer *Princess Elizabeth* slapped her way home again across the Solent, and I looked across to where the woods of Osborne met the shore, I caught—as sharp as a sword—a final and poignant flash of the past from that grey and level sea. Because it was across this stretch of water, on one February morning fifty-one years ago, between lines of silent warships, that Queen Victoria left for the last time the island home that she and her husband had together planned and where together they had shared the happiest years of their lives.

—Home Service



The throne in the Durbar room

The state apartments of Osborne House are open on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, until October, from 11.30 a.m. to 5.0 p.m. the charge for admission is 1s.

Art

Eugène Delacroix

By HUBERT WELLINGTON

TO know Eugène Delacroix fully one must visit Paris: only there can one see the great schemes of mural painting in the Libraries of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, in St. Sulpice and other churches which chiefly occupied his energies in the last thirty years of his life. But the exhibition in London of fifty-four paintings and twenty-five drawings by him is an event so rare that we must be duly grateful to Messrs. Wildenstein. I doubt if so extensive a show devoted to the one great artist of the French Romantic movement has yet been seen in this country, though the Exhibition of French Art at the Royal Academy in 1932 included twenty-six chosen works. Naturally not many of his large pictures are to be seen here; but this is not wholly a disadvantage, for those *grandes machines* which so tired him have suffered more than the smaller canvases from time and old varnish. It is possible to study some of the earliest and latest works of Delacroix, and to get a clue to the character of most phases in his development.

For example, the seven-foot picture of 'Greece Expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi', which was reproduced on the cover of THE LISTENER last week, is unforgettable in its large grandeur of gesture and eloquence of expression in head and hands, which were essential features of the challenge of the young romantics to the chilly restraint of the followers of David. This was painted in 1827 and carries on the Byronic fervour for the Greek struggle for independence which 'The Massacres at Scios' had invoked in 1824. Curious to remember that it was exhibited in London in 1828 together with 'Marino Faliero', which we know at Hertford House, and which Sir Thomas Lawrence wanted to buy for his own collection. To pass to the far end of the Galleries is to jump from 1827 to the years 1856-61 when Delacroix was carrying out four large decorative panels in the intervals of his great struggle to complete the Chapelle des Anges, St. Sulpice. He chose classical Greek myths for symbols of the Four Seasons, an agreeable reminder of the interest in classical art which existed side by side with his romantic fervour. These blonde happy decorations, so freely painted, show no trace of the stress and tensions of his dramatic pictures. They now grace the Museum of São Paulo, Brazil.

To go back to the beginning we find a number of interesting small portraits—of himself as Hamlet, of Elizabeth Salter (perhaps) and of members of his family. The portrait of Madame Henri Riesener is an arresting likeness, a splendid documentary family portrait, though it lacks the style and nervous sensibility of the superb 'Baron de Schwiter' at the National Gallery. Delacroix was never the professional portrait painter, thank Heaven, but on occasion, as with Schwiter, his own self-portrait at the Louvre and that of Jenny le Guillon, he painted a great portrait.

One might draw a parallel with his painting of flowers, of which several fine examples are exhibited. The largest of them shows a basket of flowers overturned in a kind of arbour; it is a brilliant *tour de force*, if slightly heartless. In other groups there is perhaps a fuller response to flowers themselves (which will not surprise readers of his *Journal*) and a spontaneous expression in paint, which is often missing in the

professional flower painter. Delacroix's constant interest in landscape appears in backgrounds, from the sharp realism of his brother's portrait to the forms and colours which support action and emotion in his imaginative designs. His frequent studies of cliffs at Etretat, of rocks by the sea, with cave-like openings, provide motives which are found again and again in his romantic and classical compositions. But there is one pure landscape here, painted in 1842 at Champrosay, which sends one's mind forward to Renoir and to Bonnard in its freedom, spaciousness, and choice of colour values.

But of course the real kernel of Delacroix's *œuvre* and his chief contribution to the Romantic Movement lies in his imaginative figure pictures of tragic and violent themes. In his choice of subjects, from Byron, Scott, Shakespeare, medieval legends and Greek drama, we may say that he was expressing the feeling of his own time, or of its younger generation—the pessimistic reactions which followed after the Revolution and the crash of Napoleon's Empire. Add to this his great joy in the theatre and in opera: this is inescapable in the present exhibition with its formidable portraits of Edmund Kean as Othello, of Talma as Nero (lent by the Comédie Française). Remember too that



'Desdemona Repudiated by her Father', by Eugène Delacroix, from the exhibition at the Wildenstein Gallery

Delacroix was a voracious reader, who used good books as an antidote to over-civilisation and detestable mediocrity; he deliberately used reading to arouse and stimulate his creative faculties in design.

But beneath these varied trends and circumstances there is the temperamental make-up of the man—'Delacroix is passionately in love with passion, but coldly determined to express passion as clearly as possible'. So said Baudelaire and it is to Baudelaire that we must go for the most profound analysis of imagination in the painter. Emphatic gestures, an imaginative use of colour contrasts, sensibility of touch and execution are the means by which Delacroix expressed in paint this haunting sense of tragedy, grandeur and nobility. They are to be found in varying degrees in the early 'Tasso in Prison', 'St. Sebastian and the Holy Women', 'Desdemona Repudiated by her Father', and other pictures here. The late painting of 'The Beheading of John the Baptist' reaches a remarkable balance of pictorial dignity with horror of subject, in a colour grouping of lemon yellow, contrasting blues, and orange crimson, a scheme highly characteristic of Delacroix. For sheer brilliance of colour and rhythmic handling nothing here can match the sketch for the Bordeaux 'Lion Hunt', a fantasy on a Rubens theme.

Rudyard Kipling: a New Aspect

BONAMY DOBRÉE on 'the breaking strain'

THE more I read Kipling, the more I find him a baffling, complex writer; and I would like here to talk about an odd, recurring, and in my opinion important, element in his make-up which nobody has much noticed. I believe it may be very relevant to our present-day atmosphere of strain, our *Angst* if you like. Though a great deal has been written about him in the last twenty years, not only here but in France, in Italy, and latterly in America, I am all the same not satisfied. Whenever I read about him, say in Edward Shanks' pioneer study, or in the essays by Hilton Brown and Rupert Croft-Cooke, all of them mainly about his prose, something nags at my mind telling me: 'No; that isn't quite it. It isn't there exactly that he matters!'

Away from Politics

Something more indeed has been done about his poetry, notably by T. S. Eliot in his enormously valuable study; but what he actually chose for his anthology is a little tendentious, because he was making out the case for Kipling as a superb ballad-writer and hymn-writer. He is far more than that, far subtler and more sensitive, as hinted by T. R. Henn, but not much more than hinted, in *The Apple and the Spectroscope*. Kipling has to be seen, too, as a man who often wrote poems which are complementary to his stories. But taken all in all, I find that in nearly everything written about him the discussion is still too much overshadowed by politics; not very long since, for example, by Edmund Wilson in *The Wound and the Bow*. Surely, now that the tumult and the shouting have died, it ought to be possible to see Kipling objectively: he is no longer part of the political picture.

I do not deny that one has to look at his imperialism. But it is not chauvinistic, as most people used to think, since he always upbraided the jingo. Actually, his conception of the Empire was in the tradition of the great myth of beneficent world government which stirred Shakespeare when he wrote 'Henry VIII', and which comes out in Davenant, and more grandly in Dryden and Pope. It is a poetic idea. Further, the Empire was important for Kipling because it was something a man could devote himself to, as the object of the kind of faith Kipling was always looking for. Power, he felt deeply, is given to man, not for goods or gear, but for the Thing, the Thing bigger than himself which will demand complete self-abnegation. 'I tell you now', he once wrote, 'that the faith that takes care that a man shall keep faith, even though he may save his soul by breaking faith, is the faith for a man to believe in'. Having seen men broken, in soul as well as body, in selflessly carrying out the daily work of the Empire, unthanked, unrewarded, even reviled, he gave the Empire his conditional allegiance. And then, because he accepted, especially in his early days, the fact that men did horrible things to each other, he could not be a philosophic 'optimist' à la Shaftesbury, but was, rather, a 'pessimist' in the line of Swift. He could not help, therefore, rejecting the liberal idea of man as a benevolent creature—in so doing he trod on a good many 'advanced' toes—and as a result is continually being accused of illiberalism, as, for instance, by Lionel Trilling in his recent fine book, *The Liberal Imagination*. How far Kipling may be right as against his critics in that respect, the history of the world in the last fifty years may help us to judge.

But I am not concerned here to defend Kipling on that sort of issue; I want, rather, to penetrate a region which nobody seems to have explored, into something which goes to offset that apparently callous, almost cruel, element in him which outrages a good many people—as in the story of 'Mary Postgate'—and made Harold Laski, for example, say that Kipling 'will symbolise the literature of hate, of malignant grandiosity'. This attitude is one that persists; we get, for instance, V. de S. Pinto, in his just published volume *Crisis in English Poetry*, regarding him as the apostle of brute force. I utterly disagree. It seems to me, on the contrary, that he symbolises, not hate, but a deep compassion; not malignant grandiosity and brute force, but humility, and tenderness amounting to deep pity. Reading him lately I have been particularly impressed by this note of his, repeatedly and

emphatically struck; and, more significant still, by his intense curiosity about, and passion for, healing and the means of healing. That is my theme here.

First, however, I ought to bring out a curious thread which runs through all his work. It is what I can describe only as his 'descents into hell', not merely into those places where the soul is lonely and has to face itself, but into the overwhelming hells which blot out. Take this description:

... Just then ... I was aware of a little grey shadow, as it might have been a snowflake seen against the light, floating at an immense distance in the background of my brain. It annoyed me, and I shook my head to get rid of it. Then my brain telegraphed that it was the fore-runner of a swift-striding gloom. ... The gloom overtook me ... and my amazed and angry soul dropped, gulf by gulf, into that horror of great darkness which is spoken of in the Bible.

That is a passage, outrageously cut, from a story called 'The House Surgeon', published in *Actions and Reactions*. It is followed by a poem, which some find insensitive, but which is written in the direct language and rhythm of hymns. The first lines read:

If thought can reach to Heaven
On Heaven let it dwell,
For fear that Thought be given—
Like power to reach to Hell.

—lines which are revealing enough. Again, a typical periodic descent into the abyss overtakes the two people of the story 'In the Same Boat', to be found in *A Diversity of Creatures*, published in 1917: and in his two last books Kipling returns again and again to the theme of the great darkness.

'Into the Dark Places'

He had dwelt on the same sort of thing in his earlier stories. Perhaps you will remember 'At the End of the Passage' in *Life's Handicap*, which came out in 1891, in which the desperately overworked Indian civilian dies because, as his Indian servant commented, he had descended into the Dark Places. From the beginning, then, Kipling had been drawn to tales of mental breakdown, of suffering made unbearable from one cause or another: that, say, of the lighthouse keeper who went mad from loneliness, or the reprobated subaltern who shot himself in despair. There are dozens of them. But a change came over his treatment of the theme. In his younger days, he was eager only to tell the stories as part of the enthralling, darkly striated, pageant of life; later he became interested in the causes, and finally he was absorbed in the healing of the horror—and this is the point I want to expand here. Obviously he knew all about the horror; as he said after the extract I quoted, the state 'has to be experienced to be appreciated', and you do not have to read far to know how agonisingly he had himself experienced. Perhaps that is why to some people he seems so callous about physical pain; he did certainly despise people who feared it, knowing that it was nothing as compared with spiritual agony. This he states unequivocally in the 'Hymn to Physical Pain' which occurs in the very last volume of his stories. I will quote the first and last stanzas:

Dread Mother of Forgetfulness
Who, when Thy reign begins,
Wipest away the Soul's distress,
And memory of her sins. ...

Wherefore we praise Thee in the deep,
And 'on our beds we pray
For thy return, that Thou may'st keep
The Pains of Hell at bay!

It is clear that Kipling, who suffered a good deal of physical pain in his later life, was at intervals catastrophically disturbed.

Looking at the stories concerned with these states, you see that they all come about from too much strain on people. The sense of this lay, I think, far back in Kipling's experience, when, as a small boy living

in the house at Southsea while his parents were in India, he underwent the purgatory he described in the terrible story 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep'. But the early tales which have as their climax a breakdown from strain do not on the whole take the matter any further; in the later stories, however, Kipling became, significantly, interested not so much in the states of horror themselves, as in their cure; the cure, if you like, of neuroses which are the effect of strain, usually caused by devotion to duty, often in the war, but sometimes through the operation of sheer fate. Together with this, Kipling grew to be ever more deeply interested in the amount of strain a human being could stand without breaking down. Partly for this he evolved those strange stories which pictured what he called 'The Order Above', which, by a sort of inverted Platonism, he regarded as a reflection of 'the Order Below', symbolised by the archangels, Satan, and other heavenly principalities and powers. In the last of these tales, 'Uncovenanted Mercies', the souls of men and women are 'reconditioned' for service as guardian angels, the final point of the process being, as Satan puts it, 'a full test for Ultimate Breaking Strain'. The technical phrase struck Kipling, and the year before his death he published 'The Song of the Breaking Strain', the load to which men are ruthlessly subjected. A portion of it runs:

The careful text-books measure
(Let all who build beware)
The load, the shock, the pressure
Material can bear. . . .

But, in our daily dealing
With stone and steel, we find
The Gods have no such feeling
Of justice toward mankind.
To no set gauge they make us—
For no laid course prepare—
But presently o'ertake us
With loads we cannot bear:
Too merciless to bear.

But Kipling will not encourage whining. If, he ends, man serves 'the veiled and secret Power, in spite of being broken, because of being broken', he can stand up and build anew.

The Healing of Compassion

If, then, the world includes hells for men and women so intolerable that the strain sometimes actually breaks them, what is the cure? Kipling has all sorts of mechanism for healing, varieties of psycho-analysis which clear up complexes. But these are merely mechanisms, and the driving force, the virtue without which no cure can be effective is—I state this quite boldly—compassion. He realised very early, as an intuition, with what Newman would have called 'complete assent', that man is fated to suffer and be lonely; that when a man's black hour descends upon him he has to fight it out alone, indeed would rather fight it out alone. The pity appears even in one of the early stories about Mulvaney—himself, incidentally, a healer—where he is described as 'lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vultures tearing his liver'. In some moods Kipling—the grandson of two Methodist preachers—felt that the only cure was work, doing things, especially one's job. Even so late as *Debts and Credits* he remarks that 'for the pain of the soul there is, outside God's grace, but one drug; and that is a man's craft, learning, or other helpful motion of his own mind'. But we notice the phrase, 'outside God's grace', which for Kipling meant compassion. One becomes, perhaps startlingly, aware of this from the story 'The Gardener' in the same volume. This is concerned with a woman whose adored natural son—whom she passes off as her nephew—is killed in the war. She goes to the war cemetery to visit his grave, and finds there a man, firming in young plants, who asks, 'What are you looking for?' She gives the name and adds: 'My nephew'. The story ends:

The man lifted his eyes and looked at her with infinite compassion before he turned from the fresh-sown grass toward the naked black crosses

'Come with me', he said, 'And I will show you where your son lies'.

When Helen left the cemetery she turned for a last look. In the distance she saw the man bending over his young plants; and she went away supposing him to be the gardener.

Now though Kipling was not, I think, in any ordinary sense of the word, a Christian, I believe that this Gospel reference to Mary Magdalene meeting Christ at the Tomb is profoundly revealing of his attitude. If this were an isolated case it would not perhaps count for

much: but the attitude is expressed again and again, as in 'Uncovenanted Mercies', which I have already touched upon. After Satan's remark about the Ultimate Breaking Strain the story goes on: "'But now?' Gabriel demanded 'Why do you ask?' 'Because it was written *Even Evil itself shall pity*'". It may be noted too that the choruses of the poem which concludes the similar story 'On the Gate' in *Debts and Credits*, consist certainly of Glories, Powers, and Toils, but also—and this one ought to notice—of Patiences, Faiths, Hopes and Loves.

'The Kipling that Nobody Reads'

This point could be illustrated over and over: but what I should like to do now is to draw attention to the remarkable series of stories which treat of healing, especially those in the later volumes, 'the Kipling that nobody reads', as G. M. Young puts it in his article in *The Dictionary of National Biography*. Kipling was perpetually interested in doctors and doctoring, and was much the friend of the famous Sir John Bland Sutton, who figures as Sir James Belton in the story 'The Tender Achilles' in Kipling's last volume. Time and again he demands of medical research less thinking and more imagination; let us have bolder speculation, he begged the doctors, rather than more technique. He himself had amazing, not to say visionary, notions about healing. He touched on them first, I think, in 'A Doctor of Medicine', in *Rewards and Fairies*, where the seventeenth-century astrologer-physician, Nicolas Culpeper, utters very strange doctrine. Kipling dared develop such notions in an after-dinner speech made to the Royal Society of Medicine in 1928, when he made a plea for doctoring to return—on a modern basis—to the astrological idea of 'influence'. He argued that: 'Nicolas Culpeper, were he with us now, would find that the essential unity of creation is admitted as far forth as we have plumbed infinity; and that man, Culpeper's epitome of all, is in himself a universe of universes, each universe ordered—negatively and positively—by sympathy and antipathy—on the same lines as hold the stars in their courses'. Soon he put some of these ideas into the story 'Unprofessional', where the medical men study what seem to be tides in malignant tissues. They discuss radium, as astrologers might discuss planetary influences, the analogy Kipling had made use of in his speech to the Royal Society of Medicine. No doubt he knew that all this was the wildest speculation—yet, was it so daft? If one of the people in the story said 'It's crazy mad', another retorted 'Which was what the Admiralty said at first about steam in the Navy'. Some of his tales, as I have already noted, are on a more psycho-analytical level, and at least two of his cases of war neurosis are cured by what might be called Freudian therapeutics.

Healing, however, that urgent business, might be brought about by other means—even by laughter, which for Kipling, as for Meredith, was always one of the great healers. Take another story from his last book, 'The Miracle of St. Jubanus'. The centre of the tale is a village priest, drawn with extraordinary tenderness and understanding. One of his parishioners is a returned peasant-soldier suffering from what we call, a little euphemistically, shell-shock. He was one of those who, in the priest's words, 'entered hells of whose existence they had not dreamed—of whose terrors they lacked words to tell'. He would 'hide himself for an hour or two, and come back visibly replunged in his torments'. Being made to laugh restored him from idiocy to normality. Kipling, then, sought every way of cure; he was passionately concerned to relieve the sufferings of humanity which, in the last resort, can end only in death. Time and again one finds in him an immense pity, especially for those who, as he liked to put it, had fought with the beasts at Ephesus, beasts far more terrible than the actual beasts of the Epistle of St. Paul. He was not, I say again, as far as I can judge, a Christian. I suppose one could say that he adhered to the perennial philosophy and verged on mysticism; certainly he shared with Hindus their tolerance for all attempts to bear the burden of the mystery:

Oh ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment-Day
Be gentle when the 'heathen' pray
To Buddha at Kamakura.

It did not matter to him where a man got his beliefs, so long as his religion could tell him what is said in II Samuel xxv. 14: 'Yet God doth devise that his banished be not expelled from him'. Surely these words are not the words of a man who symbolises the literature of hate and malignity, but of one who for all his rough scorns, and his sometimes infuriating blindness to the other side of the question, symbolises, rather, a profound understanding compassion.

—Third Programme

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Boswell in Holland, 1763-1764

Edited by Frederick A. Pottle.
Heinemann. 25s.

THOSE ADMIRERS OF BOSWELL who expect to find in this book a work comparable to the masterly *London Journal* of 1762-1763 will be sharply disappointed. Boswell's fully-written journal of his stay in Holland was lost almost at once. He entrusted it, with other papers, to a friend for transmission to Auchinleck when he returned from his travels, but it was missing when the package reached him; and earnest search failed to recover it. Since it was a bulky quarto manuscript of more than 500 pages it would not be readily destroyed and it will be strange if it does not share with the other Papers the Boswellian instinct for survival. For the present, however, we must be content with this substitute, a kind of miscellany cleverly arranged by Professor Pottle for popular reading, a choice from a multitude of documents bearing on Boswell's stay in Holland from early August 1763 to mid-June 1764. Those in foreign languages are usually given in translation only; spelling and punctuation are normalised.

The book is of serious interest to those absorbed in every aspect of Boswell. We are made part of his numberless activities and introduced at length to the background of his journal (and even to the few concluding pages of his journal that he took with him). Here are plentiful examples of the ten lines of verse a day that he wrote as an exercise, and his 'themes' in French and Dutch that often deal with matters of the moment. Letters to and from many correspondents are woven into the narrative—the faithful Temple, Johnston of Grange, Sir David Dalrymple, Keith, Earl Marischall and Lord Auchinleck, a too insistent Polonius, are characteristically present. The skeleton of the book, though, is composed of those daily memoranda that Boswell writes *at himself*. For this is a new Boswell. Fresh from the admonitions of Johnson he has determined on a regular plan of life. There is to be an end to dissipation and 'rattling'. He is determined to work to a timetable (very like that of Wells' Mr. Lewisham) and to 'persist firm and noble'. Often he is so pleased with his reformation that he writes approvingly. Here is a characteristic entry of this kind:

Consider what a different man you are now from what you have been for some years. Instead of idle dissipation, you read Greek, French, law; and instead of drollery, you have sensible conversation. . . . This day continue; don't always be mending yourself in trifles like a boy his shuttlecock: he spoils it. Be fine at Assembly. No love; you are to marry. But *la Comtesse*, charming and friendly. You are forming charmingly; you are no buffoon, you only want calmness. . . . Yesterday, you did just as well as you could wish. Upon my word; you are a fine fellow. . . . Bravo! Go on.

Unfortunately this devotion to prudence and morality (to be *retemu* is his constant command) means dullness for the reader and recurrent fits of hideous depression for Boswell. Such a life is unnatural to him. He begins to lose his liveliness of observation: his account, for example, of the comical Aston family would have had far more point and zest at another time. His 'conversations', even that with the vivacious widow Mme. Geelvinck, 'young, beautiful, amiable and rich', one of the few flirtations he allows himself, are far from his best vein. For though he imagines that his 'days of dissipation and absurdity are past', he is sadly

aware that he was happier in vice than in virtue, and there are signs of impending relapse. Yet it was a brave effort which he could observe with detachment: 'perhaps I am too much an enthusiast in rectitude; but candour makes me own that rectitude has for me all the charms of novelty'.

The finest comedy in the book concerns, of course, Belle de Zuylen, 'Zélide', the talented young woman, of far finer clay than Boswell, who alternately attracted and repelled him. She and Boswell were of an age and seriously interested in one another. It seemed likely at one time that Lord Auchinleck might be presented with a strangely observant daughter-in-law, and it is here that we most miss Boswell's fully-written journal. Professor Pottle obligingly gathers all the letters relevant to this episode (to 1768) for the uninitiated, including one new and important letter from Zélide to Boswell found at Fettercairn House but with no reference to its source. This, fortunately, is given in the original French and reveals the Zélide whom Boswell feared. The gist of his attitude may be given shortly in his own words. 'She is a charming creature. But she is a *savante* and a *bel esprit*, and has published some things. She is much my superior. One does not like that'. Boswell was much concerned with 'marital supremacy'.

Professor Pottle wisely prints some commentary and translations by Geoffrey Scott, first editor of the *Papers*. It is delightful to meet again a writer so distinguished.

The Country of the White Clover. By

H. E. Bates. Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.

Plant Hunter in Manipur

By F. Kingdon-Ward. Cape. 15s.

From a Garden in London

By Henrik Ringsted. Cape. 15s.

Kent is the country of White Clover, and Mr. Bates, in this book, celebrates his twenty years residence in this county by writing a series of 'country' essays with Kent as his main theme. One wonders, however, what the people of his village will think of him when they read this book and whether the yokels from all over the county will get together and stone him; for he finds the Kentish people dirty, fundamentally unfriendly, a trifle dishonest and as concerned with money as the peasants of Normandy, to whom, he believes, they are related. It is refreshing to read a book about the country which is not coy and adulatory, and Mr. Bates celebrates the county which he has come to love above all others with an excellent balance. He writes extraordinarily well and could keep the person least interested in flowers attentive through ten pages of botanical description.

This is not a gift shared by Mr. Kingdon-Ward who rather spoils the effect of his book by a too jocular and undistinguished style. Manipur is a district of Assam and Mr. Kingdon-Ward made an extensive tour of its mountain slopes, just after the war, to collect botanical specimens. The book opens most promisingly with an account of the author being commissioned by the U.S. government to make a trek across the country to discover the bodies of crashed American airmen, but this high note of adventure seems to collapse after the first chapter, and thereafter the book tends to become gossip about this expedition and its trivial incidents, interspersed with more serious pages about his botanical discoveries. At the end of the book the reader may find that he knows very

little more about Manipur than when he began it.

Mr. Ringsted is a Dane who lives in London, and in *From a Garden in London* he pleasantly discourses on his impressions, and suggests improvements, most amiably, in our way of life. It is always fascinating to read books about one's country by a foreigner; Paul Bourget and Karel Capek have perhaps written more interestingly about London than any of our native writers. Mr. Ringsted reminds one a little of Capek, but his humour is somewhat heavier and his manner more prolix. But it is a warm, good natured book and if all Mr. Ringsted's excellent suggestions were taken up life in London could be vastly improved.

The White Rabbit. By Bruce Marshall.

Evans. 16s.

A War of Shadows. By W. Stanley Moss.

Boardman. 12s. 6d.

'Special operations'—sabotage and guerrilla activities, in enemy territory—seemed, in the last war, to attract two opposite types: the serious, mature men with serious military policies to work out, and the youthful adventurers who thought in terms of 'stunts'.

Wing-Commander F. F. E. Yeo-Thomas, G.C., M.C., was undoubtedly of the former type. He was one of the leaders of the French section of the Special Operations Executive. Until he was arrested by the Gestapo in March 1944, he worked against the Germans in France and against the opposition of dunderheads in London to co-ordinate the many Resistance groupings in France. These organisations were divided by political hostilities, by different tactical outlooks and sometimes by the idiosyncracies of their leaders. Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas and his colleagues, working against terrible difficulties (there were 32,000 members of the Gestapo concentrated against them in Paris) brought the rival groups together, helped them to work out a common policy, and organised them so that, in their structure and in the scale of their operations, they became a real army.

Mr. Bruce Marshall, who tells Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas' story most ably, sums up the case for this kind of warfare: 'The load of one Halifax bomber dropped to a reception committee and handled by the right men could, he claims, have done more damage to the German war machine than the loads of 250 bombers dropped in a raid. Repeated air bombardments had failed seriously to hinder the work of a ball-bearing factory at Annecy: three saboteurs, with explosives and the complicity of one or two of the workers, so damaged the machinery that the factory never produced another ball bearing during the rest of the occupation'.

Such facts were evidently not sufficiently impressive for the Allied Staffs. During 1943 valuable lives were being thrown away and the French Resistance movements were in danger of destruction because supplies and supply-dropping aircraft were being refused them. In February, 1944, Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas went over the heads of his superiors to Mr. Churchill who immediately and characteristically ordered that a hundred aircraft and ample supplies should be made available.

It is in those passages which describe Yeo-Thomas' work in France that we see the portrait of the ideal man for this kind of job. He is fanatical in purpose but completely self-disciplined in conduct. He is ingenious, patient, at once courageous and cautious. He is as practical (to borrow a phrase from the regretted Popski)

*You are invited
to inspect for 7 days
without obligation*



"THE OUTLINE OF Literature and Art"

NEW De luxe Edition

Here is a unique opportunity for readers of THE LISTENER to inspect the brilliant New and Enlarged Edition of this world-famous work in their own homes. It is one of the most comprehensive surveys of the wide panorama of Literature and Art ever published, and will help you to appreciate more fully the work of all the great masters.

1,744 pages, with 450 illustrations of great paintings and sculpture, including priceless masterpieces beautifully reproduced in full colour.

2 volumes handsomely bound in dark-blue Morocco, stained tops and beautifully designed decorative spines in real gold, enhance the attractiveness of the bindings.

Do not miss this opportunity

TO ENJOY THE WORLD'S LITERARY
AND ARTISTIC GEMS

POST the coupon NOW!

To George Newnes, Ltd., 66-69, Great Queen
Street, London, W.C.2

Please send me, carriage paid, for 7 days' examination THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE AND ART in two De luxe Volumes. It is understood that I may return the work within eight days, with no further obligation. If I keep it, I will send you a first payment of 10/- eight days after delivery, and 10/- monthly thereafter until the sum of £4.10s.0d. has been paid. Cash price within eight days £4.5s.0d.

NAME (block letters)

ADDRESS

OCCUPATION

SIGNATURE (Parent's if under 21)

DATE

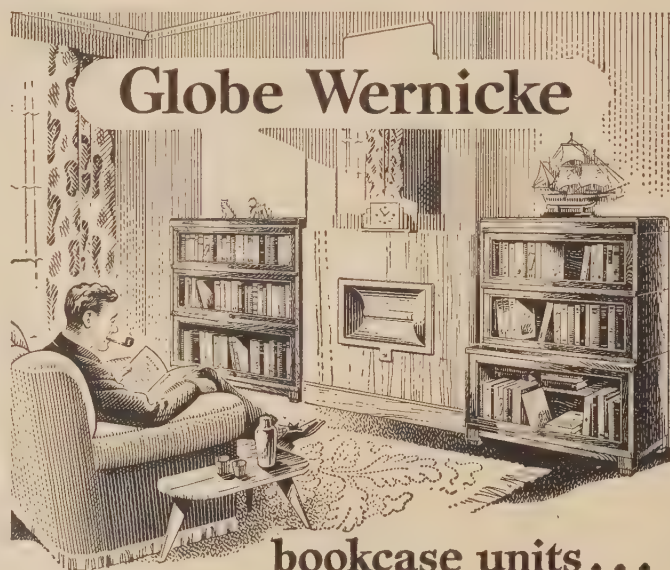
HOUSEHOLDER?

L3



*See that your writing paper
bears the watermark:*

SPLICERS



**bookcase units...
always complete, never finished**

You can start to house
your books — suitably,
glass-protected — for as
little as £7.8.8. The
"CLASSIC" built-up
units illustrated cost
£16.10.8 and £18.17.4
respectively. Wide choice
of styles.

CUT THIS OUT AND POST NOW!
GLOBE WERNICKE LTD., 82 VICTORIA ST., LONDON, S.W.1
Please send latest details of Globe Wernicke Bookcase Units
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
L. 12.6.52

**THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
BOOKSHOP**

FOYLES
FOR BOOKS

**Stock of over 3
million volumes**

*New, secondhand
and rare Books on
every subject*

We BUY Books, Coins, Stamps

Visit Foyles NEW Record Dept.
H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca
Long-Playing and all other makes.

You can arrange postal subscriptions
for British and overseas Magazines,
through Foyles.

119-125

**CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2**

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)

Open 9-6 (Inc. Sats.)

Nearest Station: Tottenham Court Road

IT'S EASY TO TALK

**in a Foreign Language
with**

**MARLBOROUGH'S
Self-Taught PHRASE BOOKS**

They provide words and phrases in
a wide range of subjects together
with the ENGLISH PHONETIC
PRONUNCIATION

IDEAL FOR TOURISTS & TRAVELLERS

Obtainable in **37** languages
from **3/6** each

Write for list E. to the publishers:

E. MARLBOROUGH & CO., LTD.
13-16 BRITTON ST., LONDON, E.C.1

BACKGROUND BOOKS

The ninth in this admirable
series is *What is Peace?*, by the
Dean of Chichester. And the
tenth will be *What is Freedom?*,
by Bertrand Russell.

These books deal with current
affairs, are factual, authoritative
and up to date. They do not try
to interpret current history, but
they will help the reader to inter-
pret it for himself.

Cr. 8vo. Paper 1/6d each

Obtainable from Booksellers and
the Publishers

THE BATCHWORTH PRESS
54, BLOOMSBURY STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1

as an accountant. He uses his comrades ruthlessly when he has to, but towards them he is loyal to the death. (Yeo-Thomas' arrest took place when he was trying to rescue an imprisoned colleague.) The ultimate test of his qualities came during his imprisonment, described in the final chapters of the book. He endured beatings, solitary confinement, threats, innumerable interrogations, and tortures of which it is an ordeal even to read, with unshaken spirit; and then, after the war, he went back to his job with a famous Parisian dressmaker.

The maturity of character and the serious military policy which stand out as essentials in *The White Rabbit* are not conspicuous in Mr. W. Stanley Moss' *A War of Shadows*. Mr. Moss brings to mind another phrase of Popski's, about the 'bright young men with their childish plans' who swarmed in the Middle Eastern cloak-and-dagger units. After the kidnapping of a German general in Crete (described in a previous book) Mr. Moss returned to Cairo 'to find Abdul laying out our clothes for that evening's party and Sambo, the houseboy, carrying a tray of drinks and *kebabs* to help us on our way'. The round of luxurious entertainment over, Mr. Moss went back to Crete in the hope of kidnapping another German general. This intention was foiled by the local Communists, whose action in warning the Germans against him was inexcusable, but who may have had grounds for resenting the reprisals against the civilian population that so dubiously-useful an operation might provoke. Later, Mr. Moss went to Macedonia, and then to Siam where—in both cases in the rear of the enemy—he led a happy-go-lucky and unwarlike existence.

A War of Shadows is too portentously named, but it is a most entertaining book. Mr. Moss (who also did his share of the other kind of soldiering as an officer in the Coldstream Guards, and was a major at the age of twenty-two) writes modestly, but the reader cannot fail to discern, with pleasure, his bravery and charm. Only a young man of good heart could extract so much humour from the many absurd, sometimes painful, sometimes perilous situations that he had to face. And, after all, where would we be in times of crisis, without the young and gay as well as the shrewd and mature?

Good Company: A Study of Nyakyusa Age-Villages. By Monica Wilson. Oxford. 28s.

Many parts of Africa at the present day are passing through difficult and troubled times and it is highly desirable that we in this country should learn all we can about the peoples of that infinitely varied continent. One wishes that there were more books like this. It has nothing to do with political propaganda but is, on the contrary, that much-needed product of social anthropology, a scientific yet readable book by an expert, which can be enjoyed by the man in the street as well as by the specialist.

Moreover it may be said, in words taken from another sphere, to have both vision and design. It gives us not only a description but an attempt at coherent explanation, of one of the most striking features, and possibly a unique one, of the social life of the Nyakyusa people of Tanganyika, their organisation in permanent age-villages. *En route*, the author gives us a fascinating account, often in their own words, of their economic activities, their kinship taboos, their 'values' or the qualities of character they admire, their witchcraft beliefs wherewith they account for much of their sickness and disaster, and the interesting belief in the 'breath of men', or public opinion acting through mystical channels, to punish wrongdoers.

Good neighbourliness, generosity, wisdom, are much admired and it is said that they must be

learned among equals in age. The respect due from youth to age and the fear of sexual activities between the different generations prevent their being learned between elder and younger. To our view perhaps a little surprisingly, cleanliness, which is also much admired, is held to be learned by boys living together in their own village. In an interesting chapter called 'Mystical Interdependence' the witchcraft beliefs of the Nyakyusa are described and the description, like others in this book, is substantiated by a wealth of documents in the appendix. We see that those liable to be accused of witchcraft are just those who fail to possess the admired qualities of this society. In the same way those thought to be attacked by witches or by the chilling 'breath of men' are often those who have quarrelled or been greedy or stingy. The problem of witchcraft beliefs for the British administration is discussed and suggestions made.

The permanent age-villages of the Nyakyusa do not occur, so far as is known, in other parts of Africa, and are tending to disappear with the changing conditions of European influence. 'If', says the author, 'it is agreed that an understanding of social processes can only proceed from the systematic comparison of many societies, then the recording of vanishing forms, such as that of Nyakyusa age-villages, has some urgency'.

In a preface Mrs. Wilson explains that the field work on which this book is based was carried out by her husband, Godfrey Wilson, and herself, their plan being that he should make a general study of Nyakyusa society and that she should concentrate on the effect on it of Christian missions. His death on active service, which deprived us of one of our ablest anthropologists, left her with the difficult and painful task, admirably executed, of writing this book from both their notes.

Contemporary French Poetry

By Joseph Chiari.

Manchester University Press. 12s. 6d.

The main subject of M. Joseph Chiari's book is the poetry of Valéry, Supervielle, Claudel, Pierre Emmanuel and Eluard. On Paul Valéry M. Chiari writes extremely well.

He considers, to begin with, that Valéry's long 'La Jeune Parque' is 'one of the most difficult poems ever written'. It contains a dialogue, a monologue, a description of place, movement and gesture, as well as three strands: 'the intellectual, the sensuous and the musical'. These enable the poet, without using the device of a story and without allowing the poem 'to drift into a succession of lyrical stages', to maintain throughout 'a kind of musical representation of successive states of consciousness'. Careful analysis is, in fact, the tone of the whole book.

Supervielle (of whose gentle pantheism M. Chiari is most understanding) is his second study. Supervielle is a non-didactic poet who refuses to deal in anything but poetic impressions: and his is the type of imagination which can embrace the entire world. On Claudel, the spiritual son of Rimbaud, M. Chiari has much to say. Paul Claudel's poetry is egocentric: it contains more eloquence than real poetry: his readers are dragged along willy-nilly by his sheer exuberance: and he employs the stark realism used by the great Catholic writers from Malherbe to Baudelaire.

Pierre Emmanuel, one of the younger poets, gives M. Chiari a chance to make an adroit comparison. Emmanuel, he writes, reminds him of Dylan Thomas: both 'draw most of their symbols from the Bible and their imagery from the reading of Freud'. Dylan Thomas, however, 'is more Freudian than Emmanuel' and Emmanuel 'remains obsessed by his sense of sin'. (There is a short and crowded chapter which

shows how the best Surrealist poets eventually discard Surrealism.)

The last of the larger studies is on Eluard, an extremely subtle poet who, when he describes 'sublime love', is beyond praise:

Lorsque nous nous regardons
La distance s'ouvre les veines
Le flot touche à toutes les plaques.

No grouping can be found for such poets as the somewhat difficult St. John Perse or the profound, Kafka-like Henri Michaux: which is a sign, in their case, of vigour. And as for Jean Cayrol, one of the three 'poets of the Christian myth', his words transcend most of those of his contemporaries by reason of their most moving sensibility.

The whole book delves into the mainsprings of the poetic mind: not only does M. Chiari see the causes of inspiration: he understands poets when they see the terror of the white page.

Polydore Vergil: Renaissance Historian and Man of Letters. By Denis Hay. Oxford. 25s.

Polydore Vergil of Urbino, papal collector and archdeacon of Wells, was one of those early Renaissance Italians who found a congenial home in England. With one short interval of imprisonment (when his patron Castelli fell foul of Wolsey), he was able to survive the political changes of the first half of the sixteenth century, and to continue here till the stormy period of Northumberland (1553), when he returned to Urbino. He was encouraged both by Henry VII and Henry VIII to undertake a history of England which would justify the Tudors to the scholars of Europe. Besides this, he compiled other works, notably the *Adagia*, the *De Prodigis* and, more significantly, the *De Inventoribus Rerum*. The latter and, of course, the *Anglica Historia* are the works for which he is best known, each going into various editions. Mr. Hay, having edited books XXIV—XXVII of the *History* from the Vatican manuscript for the Royal Historical Society, has now written a general appreciation of Vergil with a technique and a grasp of Renaissance problems that should distinguish him among our younger historians.

Vergil, he points out, had many of the sympathies of Erasmus. He was intolerant of superstition, critical of the religious orders, a follower of the best patristic writers and deeply versed in the classics. For imaginative legend he had no use, and his criticism of the Brutus story and the Arthurian past drew upon him the dislike of many. His belief in the power of the individual to originate and to control his environment is fundamentally Renaissance in character, and in the chapter on the *De Inventoribus* Mr. Hay draws attention to the fact that the evolution of institutions, 'unconscious and undirected', can play no part in Polydore's system. This may make him a good biographical encyclopaedist, but it is a drawback to him as a historian. Yet, as a historian, he was in advance of his predecessors in the form he consciously imposed upon his narrative of events, in the care with which he assembles and cites his authorities, and in the discriminating way he uses contemporary information and tradition.

The most original part of Mr. Hay's book is his analysis of the significance of a history written in Renaissance Latin. 'It was the revived classical Latin of the Renaissance which first consciously attempted the total identification of literature and life'. In Vergil, as in certain other writers of Renaissance history, the medium of church Latin is transcended by one that brings in 'the values as well as the language of Cicero's Rome', and its appeal to the educated bourgeoisie was obvious, as far as Italy was concerned; but in the less classically-disciplined north it liberated and projected those particular

On Living Longer

IT IS ONLY WHEN WE ARE YOUNG that birthdays are absolutely indispensable. All too soon comes the time when we find it more blessed to give than to receive reminders of such anniversaries. Few of us are ambitious enough to look forward to the time when they once more become important—to the birthday which may win us overnight the distinction that only centenarians can claim. Nevertheless, the chances of this happening have been increasing with each generation; mortality statistics tell us that people today are, on the average, living appreciably longer than their grandparents.

THIS, ON THE FACE OF IT, is a wholly satisfactory state of affairs. For the average person, it suggests a longer period of retirement; more leisure for the garden, more time to give to friends and books and the county cricket team. This is the kind of thing that people look forward to as retirement approaches.

BUT there is another side to this picture. Leisure, if it is to be used agreeably, costs money—even a little may make all the difference between a happy retirement and an old age made careworn by dependence upon others for the little comforts of life.

MILLIONS of people would be facing the prospects of such an old age if they had not made some extra provision through voluntary saving. Only a minority of workers have jobs which carry pensions and increased longevity is in itself one of the factors which make it unlikely that National Insurance retirement pensions could go beyond subsistence level in the foreseeable future. This situation accounts, in some degree, for the steadily increasing appeal of one particular feature of the service which industrial life assurance brings to the homes of so large a section of the community. Last year the sums assured under new industrial life assurance policies amounted to £248 millions. The majority of these policies are designed to benefit

their holders during lifetime—in many cases to provide, in retirement, the modest comforts that become necessities with advancing years.

THE growing popularity of home service endowment assurance is a sign of the times. A century of steadily improving social conditions has established new standards of life for the majority of folk living in these islands; and the average family expects a correspondingly wider range of benefits from industrial life assurance than was the case when such policies were taken out mainly to meet the immediate expenses at the time of death.

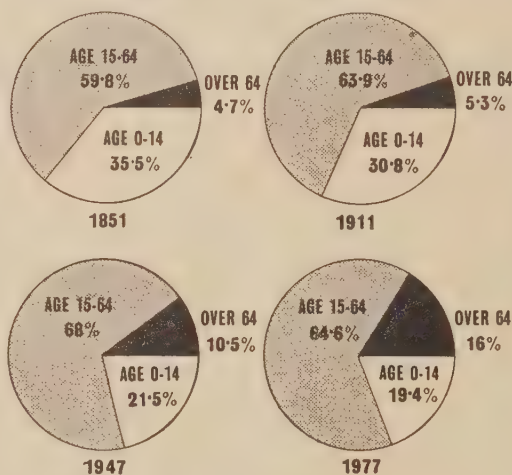
THIS is still one of the financial problems that confront a bereaved family. More important, however, if the breadwinner's earnings cease, is the need of ready aid to see the family through the difficult task of readjusting itself to new circumstances. Such aid can be provided by an endowment assurance, no less than by a whole-life policy. The payment every year of thousands of claims only a short time after the policies have been effected is a reminder of the two-fold purpose which this thrift movement serves in ten million households. It is a family safeguard, as well as a form of saving.

It is difficult to see how facilities of this kind could be made available to more than a fraction of the population otherwise than through home service insurance. It requires a great effort of will to set aside savings regularly without constant prompting. This is the

very difficulty that industrial life assurance is designed to overcome. It is a very practical help to have someone call to collect premiums. The insurance agent's regular visit is a reminder that does much to take the effort out of saving and to make it part of the domestic routine.

IT is this home service—perhaps the most valuable of all aids to thrift—that ensures the stability of the flow of small savings accumulated through Industrial Life Assurance. Funds administered on behalf of policyholders are increasing at the rate of nearly £50 million a year. The importance to our economic life of this net addition to the nation's savings can scarcely be over-estimated. No less important is the part played by this thrift movement in the lives of the men and women to whom it is an assurance that a longer life need not be without its comforts.

Charts of the proportions in each age-group of the total population of Great Britain 1851-1977★



★The figures are taken from the Report of the Royal Commission on Population (1949); those for 1977 are projected figures on certain not unreasonable assumptions.

values, so to speak, into the vernacular literatures, and prepared the way for 'national' histories like those of Hall and Bacon (*Henry VII*). Vergil's own medium, admirable for its concision and its spirit of detachment, was at once neither sufficiently rich in its administrative vocabulary (e.g. his use of *concilium* for parliament), nor sufficiently flexible in its expression of ideas, to carry the future. Yet the static enunciation of ancient political principle did at least impress upon historical writing an intellectual form, and made history not only an inquiry into past fact, but an exercise of the moral judgment. Two very useful appendices add a list of letters to and from Polydore Vergil, and note the main variations between the four versions of the *Anglica Historia*. Mr. Hay's conclusion, after a critical examination of the manuscript version and of the successive printed texts, is that from at latest 1460, to 1537 the *Anglica Historia* offers a narrative of the highest value.

Georg Büchner. By A. H. J. Knight.
Basil Blackwell. 21s.

For literary history Georg Büchner is partly a curiosity and partly a remarkable, if not wondrous, phenomenon. Enthusiasts speak of him as an example of pure, unaccountable 'genius'. But the use of this word makes one wonder how one is to describe Goethe or Shakespeare or even Schiller and Grillparzer, poets whose great achievement makes Büchner's production look very small and his 'genius' little more than an exceptionally promising talent. For it must be admitted that Büchner's spell lies at least to some degree in an interrogation, in the sense of promise that his fragmentary work holds.

It is however true that without much care for literary traditions or nice problems of technique (though fortified by admiration for Shakespeare), Büchner plunged into writing and before his life ended at twenty-three produced two or three plays and a story which by comparison with much post-idealist writing have an original subject and style. With Goethe and Hegel barely dead he swooped beyond their world and the heritage symbolised in the names of Weimar and the Berlin of the romantics. The political lyric of Büchner's contemporaries was still based on eighteenth-century ideas and romantic verse diction; Büchner abandoned poetic crusading and wrote about political disillusion and despair in a bitter, naturalistic prose devoid of any accents of culture. His voice is genuine and he is at his most haunting when portraying moments of human helplessness shot through with terror. In such moments the 'real' world, which appears to be so vividly evoked by this writer, loses its reality with its meaning and becomes a threatening hallucination in which men and nature are dissolved into flitting visions.

Büchner expresses a desperate sense of the withdrawal of meaning, and also of idealism as part of an elaborate self-deception and torment. The first hint of this particular despair comes when his own headlong desire for political action is suddenly transformed into a dreadful vision of its futility as a way to justice and happiness since it so inevitably releases more evil in its means than it achieves good in its end. This is the burden of his 'Dantons Tod'. But the most complete symbol of man pessimistically seen as a victim of his own brutish instincts and a sheer senseless universe is Woyzeck, the pitiful, inarticulate wretch who is a brute because he murders but human because his motive is an offended love. He is a perfect example of the inscrutability and paradox of human nature that drives the religious to God, the wise to piety and charity, zealous reformers to despotism, and Büchner to his cup of gall.

Mr. Knight's book is good where the establishing of facts is concerned, though the weighing

of evidence is sometimes conducted with a spinsterish fussiness that will exasperate intelligent students. The chapter on 'Life, Letters, and Personality' could have been easier reading if the learned points of detail in connection with the extant letters had been separated from the narrative; but a vivid impression of Büchner's activities and person is conveyed, particularly of the Butzbach affair and Büchner's flight to Strasburg. Mr. Knight is weak, on the other hand, in literary evaluation. In spite of his good intentions to adopt a 'cautious, pragmatic, English standpoint', he has followed German exaggeration of Büchner's genius. He accepts Büchner's views on drama and history with little sense of their raw quality and none for the distinction between conscious and unconscious motives in poetic works. Büchner supposed that a dramatist should be completely faithful to history; yet the significance of 'Dantons Tod' and 'Woyzeck' is least of all in the history or biography in them.

This study, so full of matter, so scholarly and thorough in its handling of the questions of biography, manuscripts, editions, and factual evidence of various kinds, is impaired by the failure to assess Büchner's works with a cool and secure judgment. Büchner is certainly interesting but singularly limited. He is not even great as a pessimist, for which philosophical vigour and defiance are needed as Schopenhauer possessed them. Büchner's cynicism was emotional reaction with the bare beginnings of philosophy in it. His work is interesting and touching because of a few genuine accents of anguish and pathos that his hasty and abortive political actions wrenched from an immature but highly gifted imagination.

Cheltenham. By Bryan Little.
Batsford. 9s. 6d.

In the Middle Ages Cheltenham was a large village whose prosperity was founded on the rich farming land of the Severn vale; in the seventeenth century it became a centre for the growing of a crop as unexpected as it was illegal—tobacco. Cheltenham's history as a spa may be said to have begun in 1716, in the summer of which year the inhabitants noticed a flock of pigeons gathered round a spring and found that they were pecking up grains of salt. At least, as Mr. Little says, 'so runs the story'. What is certain is that in 1721 the water of this spring was analysed and the results were published. From then on through the remainder of the eighteenth century Cheltenham's rise in fame as a spa was steady: the first pump room was built in 1738, the first Master of Ceremonies, Simeon Moreau, was appointed in 1780, the first Assembly Room was opened in 1784, and George III visited the town (Fanny Burney being of the royal party) in 1788.

Owing largely to the lack of a navigable river, the town's building developments were not commensurate with its social success, however; and almost as soon as an Act of Parliament authorised the cutting of a canal from the Severn to Combe Hill the Napoleonic wars came to damp the spirit of improvement. So it was not until about 1810 that the first large-scale housing venture away from the High Street, the Royal Crescent, was completed, while the full flood of house-building was held in check until after Waterloo, whose victor in opening the second Assembly Rooms in 1816 ushered in Cheltenham's golden age—a period of twenty-five years in the course of which nearly all the buildings in the town most admired today were at least designed.

The plan of Cheltenham, as Mr. Little points out, differs from that of most other spas in its decentralised character, which is due to the dispersal of the springs over a wide area and the fact that they were the property of different

landowners who developed their estates in competition with one another. Architecturally, the most distinguished of these estates are Montpellier, Lansdown and Pittville—the last having a special claim to fame by virtue of its possession of the magnificent Pump Room designed by John Forbes in 1825. As Mr. Little says, Pittville Pump Room is one of the leading masterpieces of the Greek Revival in England. At the same time the combination of low dome and Greek order, which it shares with J. B. Papworth's contemporary remodelling of the Montpellier Pump Room, makes it a somewhat un-English-looking masterpiece.

Mr. Little has not solved every problem relative to the authorship of Cheltenham's many admirable terraces and villas; nor does he pretend to have done so. But at least no one need believe any more that Papworth designed all or even many of them. The interest of the book is by no means exclusively architectural, and as befits an Old Cheltonian Mr. Little gives full weight to the importance of the town since the middle of the nineteenth century as an educational centre. The writing is lively yet robust; the illustrations are well chosen and, in the case of the photographs, exceptionally well taken too.

Selected Writings of John Ruskin
Edited with an Introduction by Peter Quennell. Falcon Press. 15s.

There have been several volumes of selections from Ruskin's voluminous writings, the best probably the one 'chosen at her pleasure by the author's friend, the younger lady of the Thwaite, Coniston', and published by Ruskin himself in 1874 as *Fronde Agrèstes*. Those 'readings' were taken from *Modern Painters* only, and it may be doubted if any single volume can do justice to the range and eloquence of Ruskin's genius. Certainly not a volume of 192 pages, nearly half of them from the autobiographical *Praeterita*. *Modern Painters* is represented by 18 pages, *Stones of Venice* by 19; the rest of the book is made up of extracts from *The Two Paths*, *Unto This Last* and *The Queen of the Air*. Mr. Quennell's aim has been to show Ruskin as 'the master of English prose, the imaginative interpreter of art and nature in whom a great French novelist, Marcel Proust, claimed to have recognised his own intercessory guardian-spirit'. It almost seems as if Proust justified a little attention being paid to Ruskin! If the volume serves to whet a reader's appetite for more Ruskin it will have done well; but it is altogether inadequate as an indication of the range of Ruskin's thought, of the penetration of his criticism, or of the variety of his style. *Praeterita* is indeed a book of great charm, but it is in some sense a betrayal of Ruskin to give it such exclusive prominence among his works.

Fabulous Beasts. By Peter Lum.
Thames and Hudson. 15s.

A book at once pleasant to read and faintly old-fashioned. Mermaids, unicorn, phoenix, gryphon, the Sphinx, fabulous creatures of Japan and China and India and the New World, rather too sensibly and literally described in language which is also too simple, as if the author had simpletons in prospect for his readers. Much of the information is not easily to be found elsewhere, but the grip of it and the presentation of it lacks an imaginative attitude to the mythological vagaries of the human mind. Coming to some point of fascination; you are not helped at all (except in a pseudo-bibliography which includes too many compilations) towards fuller sources of knowledge. Are readers now assumed to be so unused to books that a footnote would appal them?

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Views of News

FIVE NEWSREELS A WEEK, instead of three, is a television milestone which should not go unremarked, though a respected Sunday newspaper wrote off last week's television as unremarkable, except for 'Trooping the Colour' and the new documentary series called 'Pilgrim Street'. Undeniably, 'Trooping the Colour' was a television success; so was the Coronation proclamation ceremony. From 'Pilgrim Street' one prefers to withhold comment until the series has been more thoroughly tested. But to start five newsreels a week was a far from incidental achievement, as viewers would agree were they to realise the pressures of effort and organisation behind it. In terms of licence revenue it may be more significant than any recent programme development.

The newsreel is one of television's soundest assets, even though for technical reasons it continues to give us the news of yesterday rather than of today. It makes its best contribution to the television service in general by its expository treatment of questions of topical importance: the latest moves in the Berlin blockade, the explosive politics of South Africa, the foot-and-mouth scourge on the nation's farms. The result seldom conforms to the imperative of 'hard' news, but we may hope that improving technical conditions will diminish the present time lag. Meanwhile seven newsreels a week is by no means a distant possibility. We may see it translated into fact within a year. Last Sunday evening's presentation of the week's newsreels, all five of them, was an improvement on 'Weekly Review', with its often artificial linking material. By

consulting their *Radio Times*, viewers can now pick out which of the newsreels they missed or would like to see again.

Before moving away from the newsreel subject, there is a small question to be put. Which part of England was the commentator addressing when, introducing the Whitsun holiday pictures, he thought it desirable to explain: '... for Whitsuntide is one of the great festivals of the Christian year'? Not even the asperities of the new Crockford preface warrant the implication that the viewers are entirely pagan. As to that, the Whitsun service of accord from the parish church of Aston, Birmingham, had its moments, one of them when representatives of the denominations taking part knelt together on the altar step for the Benediction. Many viewers will have shared what was doubtless an



Scene from 'Pilgrim Street'—I. 'On Our Beat'. Left to right: Alma Foa Colombo, Merilyn Oates, and Dorothy Alison



Sir Adrian Boult with the London Philharmonic Orchestra televised in 'The Conductor Speaks' on June 6



The One Mile event in the British Games, televised from the White City on Whit Monday

resulting in a succession of fine and sometimes noble pictures of an interior worthy, certainly, of being better known.

On the didactic side of television, 'In the News' has gone into recess, doubtless not in compliance with the recommendation made here. The last edition exhibited W. J. Brown's common sense, Anthony Greenwood's fair-mindedness, and Stephen McAdden's terrier-like insistence on sticking to the point. All this virtue was brought to nought when A. J. P. Taylor reduced the discussion to the Hyde Park level by a diatribe against 'dukes and earls', infamous last words of a session which has sometimes enlivened our viewing and occasionally disgraced human nature. There was also 'Special Enquiry', in which Christopher Mayhew cross-examined delegates to the recent Moscow Economic Conference. This programme achieved the paradox of

giving us poor pictures and good viewing. Mayhew was considerate but also resolute in his questions and left us feeling that he had done all that humanly could be done in trying to pin down elusive facts. The programme did not essentially require the visual medium. All the same, one was interested to see the returned travellers, who had seemingly come back without a smile between them.

Test cricket at Leeds, speedway racing at Harringay, athletics at the White City, basketball at Wembley, each had their good viewing moments, some of the best showing us the heroic discomforts of running in the rain at the British Games on Whit Monday. Hearing the broadcast weather reports that it is raining elsewhere has its ungenerous satisfactions; they are nothing to those of watching it rain from some more favoured vantage point. Thus on Whit Monday we saw the cloudburst over the White City Stadium, where the track quickly became a Tennysonian brook through which our Olympic hopes splashed their way to the finishing tape,

some actually setting up or holding on to time records in doing so, an inspiring display. The speedway racing was hardly that; this is a sport engaging qualities which one wishes were being put to better use. That it ministers to the hunger of many for thrills is demonstrated clearly by the myriad waving programmes as the crowd greets its heroes. Basketball played by the touring American teams has become a refined circus act, worth seeing once on television. The game has been subordinated to showmanship, which puts the emphasis on the graceful movements of the players and, a little too obviously, on the cheeky humour of some of them.

The Test Match at Leeds no doubt increased the number of viewers all over the country. Brian Johnston's interviews helped to make it a success pictorially as well as informatively.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

True to Form

'IS THIS A TIME for airy persiflage?' asks Ko-Ko in 'The Mikado'. As a rule, Eugene O'Neill's people—though they can lapse into cheerfulness—will deny that there is a time for jesting. In one of his early and less-known plays, 'The Straw' (Third), O'Neill runs true to form: it is a sad little piece, thirty years old, about love in a sanatorium for consumptives. In one way it is 'dated' now: the treatment of tuberculosis has developed extraordinarily since O'Neill wrote the play. But, dramatically, it still holds in a glum, grey fashion, even if some of the dialogue is paper-thin and it is left to the speakers to strengthen it.

Although not all of them conquered in this revival (which Cleland Finn guided carefully) Jean McDonald was uncommonly apt as the consumptive girl, remaining on the right side of pathos without slipping away to the lachrymose. Tears-in-the-voice can pall; but Miss McDonald kept us with her. She took us into the sanatorium and did not merely loiter outside. I was not so happy about David Peel's more self-conscious treatment of the young writer; it is a poorly-designed part, anyway. Tony Quinn had an explosively Irish few moments. For the rest, it was left to Miss McDonald to guide us with assurance through the gloom.

One of the sanatorium officials observes with pride: 'We are strictly anti-Cupid from top to bottom'. No one would say this of the Quinteros' Spanish comedy, 'The Women Have Their Way' (Home). In fact, since quotations are the rule this week, I suggest as the correct tag, 'What a lot of love!' The prolific Brothers Quintero also run true to form. Their little Andalusian town is a chatter-colony, prickling with match-making gossips. The piece is the thistle-down of a June evening; Raymond Raikes and his cast coaxed it through the air for an hour and a quarter—maybe fifteen minutes too long—and Eliot Makeham, in particular, as a gentle parish priest, knew just how to stroke the text. I think, after all, that my heart went to Malcolm Hayes, who looked in darkly now and then as 'an Andalusian swain', and who uttered what I can only describe (with an uneasy eye on the works of the Brothers Fowler) as a run of smouldering bromides. 'Very shortly', said Mr. Hayes with feeling, 'We shall see what we shall see'. On which the only possible comment could be 'Ah, ha!'

Is R. C. Sherriff true to form in 'Miss Mabel' (Home)? In his setting, yes, if not in his plot. The setting might be the English equivalent of that town in Andalusia. On the other hand, dear Miss Mabel, who, for the best of reasons, disposes of her uncharitable sister with a bowl of toast-soup, is not a commonplace type. I

was anxious to know whether a play that depends so much on surprise could bear hearing for a second time. It survived, thanks here to the precision of both the dialogue and its speaking. The story may be tall; Joan Harben, Clive Morton, Valentine Dyll, and the rest helped Sherriff to bring off a successful confidence trick. Miss Harben's dear Mabel had the proper cow-slip-wine innocence, and I liked the Vicar's line in casuistry as Valentine Dyll expounded it. A small play, doubtless; yet entertaining, and produced smoothly by Peter Watts.

Jeanne de Casalis and Robb Wilton were each true to form in 'Music-Hall' (Home), the first on the telephone with a bundle of Mrs. Feather's alliterative spoonerisms, and the second confiding and comfortable as the fireman of his eccentric train. But their material was, frankly, dolorous: each of the turns depended entirely upon the speaker's timing and vocal twists. Last, Leslie Baily's 'The Banning of "The Mikado"' (Home) brought to us officialdom in high career when the Lord Chamberlain forbade performances of the Savoy opera in 1907 during the state visit of a Japanese prince. In the words of Ko-Ko (last quotation), 'I won't permit it . . . If you attempt anything of the kind, I shall order your instant arrest'. Mr. Baily, bringing among his witnesses the shade of G. K. Chesterton, plainly enjoyed both his digging in the files and an excuse for pointing his comments with 'The Mikado' songs themselves, given by D'Oyly Carte singers and all true to form.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Making Up Time

IT SEEMED as if the B.B.C. was resolved that after a whole holiday (Bank Holiday) and on a Monday, too, we boys and girls should make up for lost time by buckling-to with extra assiduity for the rest of the week. Accordingly I found myself faced by no less than three lessons on 'The Nature of Scientific Theory', from Stephen Toulmin, lectures on 'Aristotelian Logic and Medieval Thought' by the Rev. Ivo Thomas and 'The Religious Basis of the Democratic Freedom of Expression' by Bertrand de Jouvenel, and a dissertation on 'The Artist in Society' by Jules Supervielle. Even the English Literature period abandoned its well-worn groove when Bonamy Dobrée presented to us a Kipling startlingly unlike what many of us had supposed him to be.

Actually the first two of Mr. Toulmin's four talks were given in the previous week, but last week we had a recording of the second on Tuesday followed by the third and fourth on Wednesday and Saturday. It is well to hear talks of this kind in close succession; the ideal would be to have them on consecutive evenings (and surely on the Third Programme this ideal is practicable?), for only so, I think, can the average Third Programmer take full advantage of them unless he is a conscientious enough pupil, as I was in this instance, to take notes. However, notes or no notes, to the attentive listener the talks were comfortably assimilable. Not only as speaker, but as writer and instructor, Mr. Toulmin is as good a broadcaster as is humanly possible. There are speakers, and good ones, who require of the listener that he should adapt himself in one way or another to their idiosyncrasies of speech, but Mr. Toulmin sets no obstacle between himself and us: his clear, unhurrying conversation leaves us free to concentrate our energies on what he is saying, and what he is saying is admirably adapted to the listener who is neither a logician nor a scientist. As a mere breakfast-table philosopher I am grateful to him for smartening up my equipment very considerably.

It would have been impossible within the space of twenty minutes for Father Ivo Thomas to put either Aristotelian logic or medieval thought into terms to be 'understood of the people'—even of the majority of Third Programme people. It was a talk for specialists, and although Father Ivo spoke at dictation speed I was soon so bewildered that I hardly knew whether I was high and dry or out of my depth. I am far from complaining of this. It is the function of the Third Programme to fly high and we cannot all expect to accompany it on every flight.

Bertrand de Jouvenel's talk on freedom of expression was a shortened version of his Sidney Ball Lecture delivered in Oxford last November. He performed his analysis with a beautiful lucidity and precision which would have made it purely enjoyable if it had not been delivered at a speed which demanded, of this listener at least, a concentration which, kept at full stretch for thirty-five minutes, left him prostrate with fatigue. But it was well worth it.

Jules Supervielle's views on the artist and his relation to society were fresh, clear-sighted, admirably uncompromising and set down in eloquent and impeccable English. Impeccable is not quite the adjective for the English in which he delivered them; charmingly peccant would qualify it more accurately, but it was enunciated so clearly that one followed him with ease and pleasure. It was the talk of a poet and a humanist, discreetly sharpened by a sauce of satire.

Bonamy Dobrée is an excellent broadcaster and critic. In 'The Breaking Strain' he brought to light an element in Kipling's writings to which critics have hitherto paid little or no attention. He not only tempted me but actually drove me to look into Kipling once again. Bank Holiday notwithstanding, last week was a full week's work.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Genuine Antiques

EVER VENTUROUS in exploration, the Third Programme is at the moment offering rare treats to musicologists and antiquaries. A survey of Italian song in that important, but little-known, period at the opening of the seventeenth century has been succeeded by two series covering Early Western Music and the wide range of Tallis' compositions. And, since anything over 100 years old is, I believe, technically an 'antique', Schumann's Second Symphony, taken down and given a dusting by M. Monteux, and Verdi's 'Giovanna d'Arco' in an Italian recording have been added to the Curio Department.

Dom Anselm Hughes learnedly introduced the first programme of Early Western Music dating from the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Inevitably it was all church music, and coming from an age which created the abbeys of Vézelay and Moissac and the nave of Tewkesbury, it was not surprising even for the unlearned to find this music beautiful and also 'quaint', just as the elaborate sculpture of the period seems to the modern beholder. But because the technique and material of music were far less highly developed than those of architecture, construction was necessarily on a small scale and the restricted idiom soon tended to pall.

There was nothing quaint or restricted about the art of Thomas Tallis, who is being revealed as an even greater figure than, on the limited acquaintance we have had with his music, is generally supposed. The first programme, sung by the Cambridge University-Madrigal Society under Boris Ord, was admirably arranged to show his mastery of the congregational style, while the second was devoted to a beautiful

Progress in Electronics



In the Mullard laboratories

Electronic devices for the study of ultra-fast phenomena are among recent Mullard contributions to the progress of electronics. They include image converters capable of recording phenomena at a speed of one hundred-millionth of a second. Such initiative in research and thoroughness in development are characteristic of the ceaseless work of the Mullard laboratories.

In the Mullard factories

Bringing the benefit of this research to industry and the community is the other function of the Mullard organisation. Every year, in great factories in Lancashire and Surrey, millions of valves, electron tubes and components are produced for Britain's electronics industry. Behind the name Mullard, therefore, is a store of experience in electronics that may well prove of immense importance to your own organisation.



Mullard



Mullard Limited, Century House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

(M.P.364L)



SPEED THE SCRAP

Almost every steel-using firm possesses scrap iron and steel in the form of old plant, redundant buildings, machinery and spares. Every ton of it is wanted back in the steelworks to make the supplies of new steel that your own and other factories need so urgently.

Have a search made on your premises. Make prompt decisions to turn in all the old iron and steel you can find. Scrap merchants are glad to help with dismantling and collection.

THE RAILWAYS GET A MOVE ON

The amount of salvage by the staff of British Railways is enormous and the quantity of iron and steel scrap which they rounded up in 1951 was 644,000 tons.

SPEED THE

STEEL

Issued for the STEEL SCRAP DRIVE by the

British Iron and Steel Federation, Steel House, Tothill Street, London, S.W.1
S.27.R.

setting of the Mass, essentially liturgical music but none the less fully worth hearing in isolation. The first programme was further diversified by some organ pieces, so lucidly played on the King's College organ by Hugh McLean that even one who is not an addict to the 'king of instruments', was enchanted by the sound. The introduction and commentary by Denis Stevens were exceptionally valuable in enhancing our understanding, for Mr. Stevens is a rare bird among musicologists—one who can interest the listener in the products of his researches and communicate his learning with a good delivery and in the Queen's English.

Schumann's Symphony in C major is rarely played, and the reason for its neglect was evident in last week's performance. Apart from the slow

movement, it is a dull, pedestrian work with hardly a flash of imagination or poetry in its themes. Verdi's opera on the theme of Joan of Arc has been shelved for other reasons. A hundred years ago audiences were prepared to take a more romantic view of history than is acceptable today, and were not too particular about the psychological motivation of the drama, provided it was full of exciting action. There is plenty of that in 'Giovanna d'Arco', which was certainly worth including in the series of Verdian revivals. The music of the soprano (let us not bother about identifying her with Joan) is consistently beautiful, and both tenor and baritone (especially in the duet of reconciliation with the soprano) have many fine things to sing. The orchestration proved to be surprisingly

advanced for so early a work. The demons, like the witches in 'Macbeth' two years later, discover Verdi's inability to deal convincingly with the supernatural and there are occasional lapses into the *haute école* style, when one can fairly see the performers careering round the ring standing on horse-back—but, taken at its face-value and well done, what fun that is, and how exhilarating!

I hope my old friend Ernest Newman will not be offended by inclusion under this heading. But having missed the first broadcast of his tribute to Toscanini, I should like to add my applause to Mr. Armstrong's praise of this witty and characteristic study of one octogenarian by another.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Music of Franz Reizenstein

By JOHN S. WEISSMANN

'Voices of Night' will be broadcast at 8.0 p.m. on Friday, June 20, and 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, June 21 (both Third)

COMPLETE understanding of the music of any composer is impossible without some knowledge of its stylistic determinants. The internal evidence of Reizenstein's earlier music points to a highly developed instrumental culture.

His coming to England induced a reorientation towards a predominantly vocal tradition. It would be simple to relate his earlier music to that written since, and so to establish the elements of his 'Anglicised' idiom, were it not that he continued in his previous manner for some years after having arrived here. In fact the length of time he took to digest the new impressions and to adjust his thinking to the mentality of his new environment is a convincing proof of the serious approach which distinguishes his musical personality. The issue is further complicated by the fact that his first published music dates from 1934, and that none of his previous compositions is available; so that both his 'earlier' and Anglicised manners belong properly speaking to his English period. But since the former shows a remarkable consistency of style in spite of the new impressions, there is no reason to assume that it was less consistent when those factors were absent.

What are the attributes of his style? The most prominent is the unmistakably instrumental conception of his language, which leaves its imprint on all the constructional elements of his vocabulary. This is seen in his melodic development, which depends on thematic motives; and in his terse rhythmic patterns which produce much of the sinewiness and 'motoric' character of his music. As a means of expansion he often reverts to the device of setting the metre of the phrase against the pulse of the prevailing beat: this is a typical feature of his music and indicates his striving for rhythmic freedom.

His harmony is of the advanced type, showing a preference for the interval of the fourth both in chord-building and melodic progression. The cadential points of larger structural units are always clearly recognisable and show a consistent tonal, often diatonic, relationship; within these points the tonality constantly shifts by means of abrupt and elliptic modulations. The instrumental orientation of his idiom is also evident in his recourse to figuration; a brilliant pianist, he has obviously derived a great deal of inspiration from his thorough knowledge of the keyboard, yet it is a testimony to his primarily musical thinking that his writing for other instruments is as natural as for the piano. His formal schemes are the strongest indication of his attachment to traditions. He prefers the symmetrical forms, such as sonata and rondo,

to the 'serial' type of construction, e.g. variations.

These particulars give a correct picture of Reizenstein as far as the Quintet for woodwind (1934), the Suite for piano (1936), and particularly the Three Concert Pieces and Sonatina for oboe and piano (1938) are concerned. With certain reservations the stylistic features of this 'motoric' period also apply to the two Concertos for cello (1936) and piano (1941). He was obliged to make concessions to the larger canvas as well as to the specific requirements of instrumental display: hence the feeling of discursiveness and the relaxed control over structural balance. On the other hand, nowhere is his extraordinary insight into the expressive and extraordinary properties of the instruments better displayed than here.

The considerably modified harmonic outlook of the Prologue, Variations and Finale for violin and piano (1937-8), and the organic growth of its melodic development indicate an impending change of style. This culminated in the three Sonatas for piano, violin and piano, and cello and piano (1944, 1945, and 1947 respectively), whose conception and musical qualities place him among the major composers of our time.

To what extent his style has been modified is shown in the unrestrained facility and fluency of melodic growth which distinguishes the three sonatas from all the preceding compositions. The harmonic crystallisation of his idiom is hardly less significant: there is a straightforward progress from the relatively complex formulae of the Piano Sonata to the almost reactionary chastity of the Piano Quintet (1948), a work which is the logical outcome of the trend initiated by the sonatas. His solution of the attendant formal problems reveal the hand of a master: the hardest problem of the sonata principle is that of preserving, possibly increasing, the symphonic concentration initiated by the first movement. In Reizenstein's Piano Sonata the dramatic intensity of the first movement already reaches such proportions that no further intensification seems possible; yet this is precisely what he achieves in the combined rondo and fugue of the last movement.

The works just discussed show one facet of Reizenstein's Anglicised idiom; but before turning to the work which represents the complete realisation of its implications, let us consider briefly some of the impulses which determined its inception. The deep attachment shown by his new environment to vocal music may have persuaded him to explore the English polyphonists; the sustained flexibility and rhythmic subtlety of his melodic line and the conspicuous mellow-

ness of his texture (in place of the cool impersonality of his earlier music) seems to derive from the madrigal composers. Similarly, the prevailing mistrust of neologisms for their own sake may have induced him to a re-appraisal of the symphonic tradition; he freely admits his admiration for Brahms and Elgar, for example, whose spirit is undoubtedly reflected in the expansive and noble lyricism of his recent compositions. His growing concern with colouristic features is seen in the Overture 'Cyrano de Bergerac': its disarming romanticism, the Elgarian swing of its melodies, reveal a hitherto unsuspected side of Reizenstein's temperament.

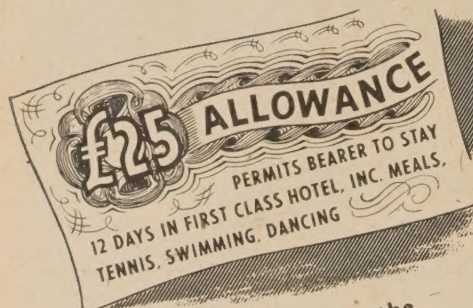
'Voices of Night' for soli, chorus and orchestra (1950-51) represents the complete maturity of Reizenstein's recently assimilated musical idiom: this cantata places him at a single stroke in the English choral tradition. This may seem an exaggeration; yet it is true. His vocal writing will withstand the most searching scrutiny. In general the basic approach is the same as in his earlier instrumental style; in both cases his methods are conditioned by the medium. So we find him adopting the principle of continuous evolution of a single basic idea. The flexibility of his lines derives from reconciling the natural articulation of the singing voice with the metrical stresses of verbal expression. Apart from exploiting the rhythmic patterns concealed in the rise and fall of the syllables, he shows a far less obvious sensibility for the poetic image disclosed by the words. Any passage in this cantata will illustrate Reizenstein's skill in interpreting the ideas underlying the spoken word by purely musical means. A feature of considerable interest is the emergence of a mystic feeling in the music, which pervades the predominantly contemplative passages; the Violin Sonata had shown the first signs of this new sensibility.

The cantata is divided into five parts, containing two, three, one, four, and two numbers each, which represent the various responses evoked by the nocturnal world. The greater part of the music is set to lines by Beddoes, Vautour, Davenant, Shelley, Coleridge, Campion, and Cotton, selected by Christopher Hassall (who is also the librettist of Reizenstein's forthcoming opera 'Anna Kraus') to correspond to the central idea, and arranged in a sequence of gradually changing emotions. Hassall has also contributed two poems of his own to secure a continuous narrative. Musically the cantata is centred on the 'Serenade' for baritone solo; the five numbers preceding it depict the cheerful aspects of night, and the subsequent numbers its diabolic associations, ending confidently in a concluding choral fugue of imposing proportions.

Attention holidaymakers!

MADEIRA AND CANARIES

Best holiday value today



—LEAVING
APPROXIMATELY

£12
SPENDING
MONEY

overnight to sunshine by the
luxury 4-engined Flying Boats of
Aquila Airways—Book now for the
finest holiday of your life

Very good quality wines,
beers and cigarettes are
sold at reasonable prices

Full particulars from your Travel Agent or

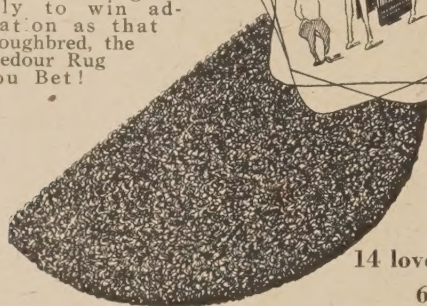
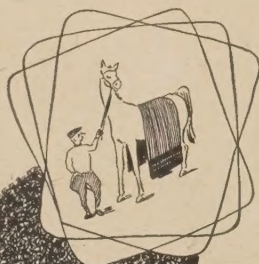
AQUILA AIRWAYS

6, CURZON PLACE, LONDON, W.1
Telephone: GROsvenor 3947



There are rugs for horses . . .

—particularly well-bred
racehorses. But for
homes or character
there's nothing so
likely to win ad-
miration as that
thoroughbred, the
Gayledour Rug
—You Bet!



14 lovely Colours

6 sizes

choice of 3 shapes

Send for free folder NOW

But for stay-at-homes . . .

It's that favourite, the

GAYLEDOUR RUG

Please send me a copy of the Gayledour Rug Booklet giving
colours, size, shapes and prices, without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

BRAMHOPE FLOOR FURNISHINGS LTD., DEPT. LF,
8-10 WAKEFIELD ROAD, DRIGHLINGTON, NR. BRADFORD, YORKS.



Could this be YOU?

Not with this briefcase! It's built to avoid embarrassment on overnight business trips—to carry travel literature, business papers and pyjamas . . . but quite separately! Outside there is a capacious pocket that zips open to accommodate newspapers and books. Inside, two large foolscap compartments will accommodate a plethora of plump files and . . . ssh! . . . discreetly zipped off is a private compartment for overnight gear.

With English lever lock and fittings of solid brass, a single handle and press studs in the base for slimming, this handsome 17" x 11½" case is available in Golden Tan, Brown or Black: selected hog-grained leather £7.10.0; smooth polished hide £9.9.0. Post free in U.K. In U.S.A. \$23.75 and 27.50 respectively, carriage and insurance free. 20% Customs Duty payable in U.S.A.



Immediate despatch.
Obtainable only direct from
the makers. Money-back
guarantee of satisfaction.

UNICORN LEATHER CO. LTD.

(Dept. L.7) WOODHILL WORKS, BURY, LANCs.

Unruffled . . .

Silvifix Hair Cream will keep
your hair under perfect control — even in life's most strenu-
ous moments. And without gumming or greasiness! Highly
concentrated, a jar of Silvifix lasts 3 to 4 times as long as other
dressings. Silvifix is made for those who prefer something
just a little better than the ordinary.

4/6 a jar, including tax.



CROSSWORD RULES.—Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, and should be marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

Study at Home and Pass

your examination

Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894) successfully prepares candidates by post for the under-mentioned examinations, and for many others.

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION

London, Oxford, Cambridge, the Northern, and other Universities.

LONDON UNIVERSITY

Degrees and Diplomas.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY

Responsions, etc.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY

Previous, etc.

LAW, TEACHING

ORDINATION, THEOLOGY, LAY READERS

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

ACCOUNTANCY, SECRETARYSHIP

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE DIPLOMA

for Youth Employment Officers.

HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATION

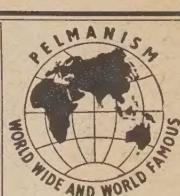
STATISTICIANS

BOOKSELLERS' DIPLOMA

Write for Prospectus

(mentioning examination or subject) to
C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of
Studies, Dep't. FE91.

**WOLSEY HALL
OXFORD**



Pelmanism

develops

- Judgment
- Optimism
- Initiative
- Will-Power
- Concentration
- Self-Confidence

TAKE UP PELMANISM

For Progress and Prosperity

PELMANISM is a working course in Practical Psychology directed to the needs of the average man and woman. The Pelman Course is based on over 50 years' intensive study and experience in dealing with the difficulties, fears, aspirations and ambitions of more than 750,000 people of all ages and occupations.

You would like your affairs to prosper and your income to increase. Pelmanism will help you to achieve this and will enable you to develop that zest for living which comes with an awakened mind; also with quickened mental powers, your awakened ability will enable you to enjoy those purchasable pleasures that come with extra money. The Pelman Training is scientific, precise and individual.

Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces

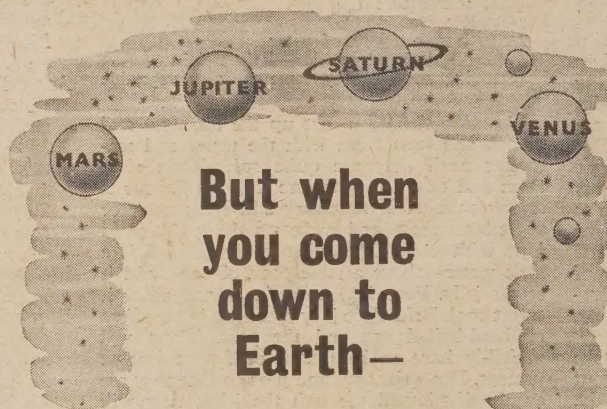
The Pelman Course is fully described in "The Science of Success," which will be sent you, gratis and post free. Write or call to-day.

POST THIS FREE COUPON TO-DAY.....

To the Pelman Institute, 82, Norfolk
Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.
"The Science of Success" please

Name.....

Address.....



**But when
you come
down to
Earth—**

THE

PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY

Established 1848

is outstanding in providing a safe and remunerative home for Capital and Savings. The assets of the Society now exceed £7,000,000, with reserves of over £360,000. The interest rate, payable half-yearly was raised in July

1951 to 2½% Income-tax paid. This is equivalent to £4.15.3% on a taxable investment. You can invest £5,000 (the limit) or as little as a pound, and interest is earned from the day of deposit to the day of withdrawal.

Send now for Prospectus

PLANET HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2



**The Line-Throwing
Pistol which made
this rescue possible
costs £43 ...**

All Lifeboats are equipped with this life-saving device, which can project a line 150 yards. Help to provide this safeguard by sending a contribution however small; your contribution may save life.

SEND IT NOW TO THE

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION

42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
The Duke of Montrose, K.T., C.B., C.V.O., V.D., Treasurer
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, M.C., T.D., M.A., Secretary



GENERAL CERTIFICATE of Education

U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students by post for the Ordinary and Advanced Levels of London, Oxford, Cambridge, the Northern, and other Universities. The College is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees; instalments if desired.

★ PROSPECTUS post free from Registrar,

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

56 Burlington House, Cambridge

Make YOGHOURT at HOME!



ONE PINT of
milk makes
5 Jars of
YOGHOURT

This delicious and health-giving food, used for centuries by long-living Balkan Peasants, can be made cheaply at home from Milk, using YALACTA ferment and apparatus.

YALACTA

Write to Dept. "L.R." Yalacta Products Ltd.,
Poplar Road, Shipley, Yorks.

Out of the top drawer



Van Heusen

... the 'quality' shirt
that proves what good
materials, sound sewman-
ship and long life mean
in terms of economy.



CYMA

CYMA—one of
Switzerland's finest
watches.

Discerning men
and women all
over the world
rely on CYMA
time.

Ask any good jeweller
about CYMA.